THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE HARP THAT ONCE.

Interesting Discourse on Irish Music Recently Delivered in Dublin By the late Sir Robert Stewart.

What the Famous Irish-American Had to Say In Regard to the Different National Instruments.

The *Daily Independent* gives an account of a very interesting and entertaining lecture recently delivered in the hall of the Royal Dublin Society by Sir Robert Stewart, who, bo the way, has died since the lecture was delivered, on the subject of Irish Music. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the audience was most attentive. The illustrations of the subject supplied by Sir Robert and a choir composed of a number of lady and gentlemen friends, were thoroughly appreciated. Miss Irwin, who gave several solo renderings in a sympathetic and tasteful style, was accorded special recognition.

Sir Robert Stewart said it was very unbearable for a musician not to keep time, so he thought they should begin precisely at 4 o'clock. Among the many curious things connected with the history of our country was the total disappearance of the early civilization and refinement which they now knew Ireland once enjoyed. Up to a few years ago our English neighbors looked upon us as sunk in the depths of barbarism, and all in disregard of the exquisitely illuminated manuscripts relating to Ireland which dated so far back as the sixth century. From the bosom of their own land the spade and the plough had frequently turned many such treasures, while there were found in the libraries of many foreign countries Irish manuscripts which proved their claim to the character of a learned and cultured race. The most valuable contribution in modern days to the literature of that subject was the Digest of O'Curry's Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Irish Race, which had been edited with loving care by the late Dr. William O'Sullivan. Women were always treated with the highest and most respectful consideration in ancient Ireland, and that was a never-failing test of a country's civilization. He was of opinion that O'Sullivan's Digest of O'Curry's Lectures must form the basis of all histories of their country in future. They had received general credit for their music from the literary men of Europe. John of Salisbury remarked upon the attention bestowed by their people upon musical instruments. Gerald Barry, or Geraldus Cambrensis, approved of the Irish music, and Fuller's words were equally strong. Bacon, Camden, and Spenser all spoke with equal warmth of Irish music. It was impossible to justify the eulogies of those who praised early Irish music by written or printed music.

The method employed to express music as they knew it was only known so far back as the fifteenth century. The notes and words of three early Irish tunes were to be found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book. They were, "The Ochone," "The Dumpe," and "Callino custure me." The latter words signified "Colleen dhas astore," and were put into the mouth of Pistol by Shakespeare when he described the latter bullying a French soldier and jeering at the French language. This was another example of Shakespeare's universal knowledge. Besides the harp and bagpipe there were other ancient Irish instruments. There were the horn or benbuffal, which was the instrument used by Finn McChuil to call his followers to the chase; the bween, the corn, and the stoe. The clothra was a bell fixed to the neck of a mad dog for the purpose of warning wayfarers. The timpan was not a drum, as the orthography would suggest, but a stringed instrument played with a bow. It was in use down to about ten years before the battle of the Boyne, when it probably became merged with the violin. Under the Brehon laws, which were characterized by a justness not always to be found in the legal enactments of our time, provision was made for pecuniary compensation to any player on the harp, whose finger had been cut off.

The harp was the instrument of the upper-classer, of ladies, and of the clergy. The harper was recognized as belonging to the same grade as the best class of the gentry. The harp was worth ten timpans. There were four sorts of music. "Aldbso" was a sort of chorus; "certan" was the chirping sound supposed to be peculiar to women; "craunford" was the martial clashing of spear handles; "Dord Fiansa" was the military song, alluded to by Ossian, son of Finn. Miraculous effects were attributed to what were called the three modes—the laughing mode, the crying mode, and the sleeping mode. Although they could not accurately desbribe of what those modes consisted, they furnished additional evidence of the existence of the ancient Irish musician and of the susceptibilities of their ancestors to their performances. The "Crownan" was a purring sound, and the lecturer gave an example of it accompanying an Irish air, derived from the fifth Gregorian Tone, which was sung by a choir of ladies and gentlemen. He had not selected the "Last Rose" or the "Minstrel Boy," or any of those hackneyed airs, but took "How Oft Has the Banshee Cried," in order to show them another example, for he always found that an Irish audience's knowledge of patriotic music was confined to ten or a dozen tunes. The earliest printed collection of Irish music was produced in Dublin in 1720, but it was not bought by the Irish people. Neither was that of Neill, nor that of the son of Carolan—who was a great scamp by the way. These were for the flute and violin, treble instruments which could not express part tunes like Carolan's "Fairy Queen," and, therefore, it was no wonder they did not succeed. The harp was the national instrument, and was closely identified with the music of Ireland. It was of considerable compass, as they found from examination and the few specimens now existing.

Everybody had remarked that Irish music had a character of its own. There were four distinct scales, but only one system of tuning. The lecturer then explained the structure of the scales with illustrations. Miss Irwin sang the "Green Woods of Truigha," which is in the scale of "The Coulin." The key of "Lady Iveagh," which was an example of the second scale, was not doubtful, although it was destitute of any leading note. In the version of "Colleen dhas" supplied to Beethoven for arrangement three scales were omitted and half a dozen sections ruthlessly removed. Irish music was not a perpetual wail as represented by Moore and others. Writing of the interesting gathering of harpers in Belfast in 1792 Bunting said nothing could be more erroneous than that idea. The lecturer then pointed out that the plaintive tone which marked "Weep On, Weep On"—sung with remarkable expression by Miss Irwin—was absent in the rattling tune, "John Reilly the Active." After "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave" had been sung by the choir, Sir Robert played Balfe's arrangement, in which, he said, the peculiarity and pathos of the tune were destroyed. He went on to remark that Irish airs had been maltreated by each editor in turn, and he described Stephahson's introductory symphonies, which Moore had sought to defend, as weak and rambling, and not in the same style as the tune. He sustained his contention by a pianoforte rendering of the prelude to "Oh Breathe Not His Name," and went on to point out that the characteristic cadenza described by Petrie as the "narrative form," was omitted in other compositions of Stephenson's, the old Irish air being mutilated thereby. The words of John Philpot Curran's "Deserter," which was agreeably rendered by Mr. Roberts, were adapted to a tune which was an example of the third scale. Having briefly sketched the life of Carolan the lecturer played the blind harper's concerto, and said that it betrayed traces of the Italian influence.

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

The Reading Club of the Union Catholic Library Association held its sixth meeting at the Library rooms, last Saturday afternoon. Judge Kavanagh presided, and a very enjoyable programme was given. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by the secretary, Miss Mae Crowley, a talented young pianist rendered Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words" in a very charming style, and was greeted with hearty applause. Miss Therese Cahill, a promising soprano, sang "Thee Will I Love," by Carpi; and in response to a persistent encore sang "Serenade" by Moszkowski. Judge Kavanagh gave a delightful talk on "Robert Browning." Mr. Charles J. Beattie read an original poem entitled "Rathallan Abbey," after which Miss M. V. Manley rendered "Polacca Brillante," by Bohn, in a skillful manner, winning for herself a well-deserved encore. Mr. John Lane O'Connor, a rising young dramatist who gives promise of some day becoming a "Booth," gave a fine recital of "Mana's Waters." Mr. O'Connor's recitations are always most welcome acquisitions to the Library programmes. As the conclusion of the programme Rev. Brother Adjutor favored the audience with a short address.

On next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock Judge Gibbons will lecture at the Library rooms on "Bigotry." The members of the association are invited to bring their friends.

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

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THE SHAMROCK.

An Interesting Exhibition of Specimens From All Parts of Ireland.

Efforts Being Made by the Science and Art Museum, Dublin, to Determine Which Is the True Trefoil.

The Shamrock is the recognized national emblem of Ireland. At each recurrence of the national festival most Irishmen of every creed and of every political belief proudly wear it in order to testify their allegiance to a common motherland. Their methods of working for that motherland, of course, are widely divergent, and their views as to the manner in which her position among the nations is to be established and maintained are conflicting and combative. But the broad fact remains that they are Irishmen, born in a country whose glory and civilization date back to the misty past, and no matter what present conditions political or otherwise, may be, they are not ashamed at least to proclaim that Ireland is the land of their nativity. In a country where so many opposing forces are at work in political life it is well that there should be at least one emblem which is not considered a party one, and that there should be one day in the calendar when every inhabitant of this island could display it without fear of taunt or trouble. The associations which cluster round this "chosen leaf of bard and chief" are of the tenderest and most touching character. It has formed the theme of some of our most beautiful lyrics; tradition has identified with it tales that shed a halo of sacredness around its tiny leaves, and popular belief has invested it with a power which has gladdened many an exile's heart when naught else could break through the surroundings of lethargy, misery and despair.

To the Irish in Ireland the Shamrock is "a dear little plant"; but to the exiled children of the Gael its value is doubly enhanced by the reason of their enforced absence from the land of their first love and devotion—a land to which their eyes often lovingly turn to catch the most glimpse of the dawn of freedom. It is, indeed, wonderful, the anxiety with which Irishmen in foreign lands await the arrival of the post which is to bring the precious parcel of Shamrock that kind hands in Ireland have sent to them for St. Patrick's Day. The tenderness with which it is opened is touching in truthfulness, and the tear that often waters the welcome trefoil on its arrival, might well change the smile of the cynical into one of sympathy and reverence. What a flood of memories—sacred and pathetic as well as vengeful and strong—this tiny leaf recalls to the mind of the exiles. The ground from which it was taken he remembers well, and has often wearily dreamt of. It is the place in which he was born; the green fields about are those in which he romped as a boy, and from which he many a time and oft took the sacred leaf himself in order that he might display it in his cap on St. Patrick's Day; the neighboring village contains the church in which he worshipped his Creator with true Irish devotion, and the school, too, in which he and his fellows spent so many happy hours.

But there are other memories besides—the cruel, black memories of eviction and exile, the lot unhappily of so many thousands of his race. Yes, all those memories are recalled; still there is one recollection which soothes his spirit and exercises a chastening influence on his soul—the recollection that the Ireland of his birth, of his hopes, and his aspirations, still survives unconquered, and he wears the Shamrock on the national festival with the proud consciousness that it is not only an outward and visible sign that he has not forgotten his country, but that he is determined to help her forward on the road to national freedom. At the approach of the national festival those in Ireland who have friends abroad—and of course their name is legion—make early provision to see that they are well supplied with Shamrock. Hence it happens that weeks beforehand the youngsters of the family, who are connoisseurs in the matter are sent through the fields to get the choicest specimens of the plant, that can be procured for dispatch beyond the seas. It is safe to say that there are very few people having friends in England, America, or Australia, who do not send to them Shamrocks for the 17th of March. The fact is that the national festival in the eyes of most Irishmen cannot be properly celebrated unless their hats or buttonholes are adorned with the national emblem.

As the national festival is but recently past, it will interest the public to learn that the director of the Science and Art Museum, Dr. V. Ball, has just added a collection of Shamrocks to his numerous attractions in the botanical section of the buildings. The shamrocks have been artistically fastened to a white cardboard, and form a most interesting exhibition of specimens from the different portions of Ireland. Over each specimem the name of the county from which it was brought is written, so that an easy comparison can be instituted. On another small card the following explanatory note is printed: "The specimens of Shamrock exhibited are taken from a collection of plants made on or about the 17th of March, 1893, for the purpose of an inquiry into the exact representative of our national badge." The plants in almost all cases were certified as "real shamrock," by Irish peasants of experience in this respect, and they were grown to maturity before the species was determined. In studying this selection of natural Shamrocks it should be borne in mind that it is not intended to show the relative frequency of use of the two rival trefoils—*tripolium minus* and *tripolium repens*. The evidence at present available appears to show that the former species is, nowadays at least, most in favor as the true "shamrock."

In view of the divergence of opinion that exists even among skilled botanists as to which of the numerous trefoils found in Ireland is the true Shamrock, an inspection of the exhibits in the Science and Art Museum should prove at the present moment a very interesting study. Nearly all the specimens differ in one respect or another, but the most marked difference is noticeable in the exhibits which have been brought from places far apart. In some specimens the leaves are quite tiny and the stems exceedingly slender. This is particularly the case in the specimen from Wicklow; while in other instances the leaves are comparatively large and the stems comparatively robust. The specimens of the small plant and stem are by far the prettiest and most attractive, and would certainly receive popular recognition as the true shamrock. Indeed, the large specimens have been described by many who have seen them, but who, of course, are not skilled botanists, as mere exhibits of common clover. There are several persons, it can be said, who would not care to wear them in hat or buttonhole on St. Patrick's day, and it is doubtful if in the districts from which they come Irish peasants of experience could not also be found to differ from the members of their class who have called them "real Shamrock." The question as to which of the trefoils indigenous to this country is the real Shamrock is one that requires definite settlement. The concensus of opinion, of course, favors the tiny trefoil, but then a clever expression of professional or scientific opinion on the matter would be most welcome.

The specimens in the Science and Art Museum were loaned to Dr. Ball by Mr. N. Cogan. The exhibition attracted a great number of visitors.—*Independent.*

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

A reunion of the Seventh Infantry took place at the Armory on last Saturday night, when a programme of songs and recitations, was rendered by the following members: Songs by Corporal Tobin, Company B; Private Feeley, Company C; Lieutenant Burke and Sergeant Torpy, Company D; Private O'Connell, Company E; Privates Sheehy and Monahan, Company I; Private Long, Company G. Recitation by Corporal Skearitte, Company E, and a violin solo by Corporal Leonard, Company H. Privates Sheehy and Monahan, of Company F, and Private Long, of Company G, responded to an encore. Short addresses were made by Colonel Colby, Lieutenant Colonel Kavanagh, Major Carroll and Captain Hyland. Colonel Colby in his remarks complimented the men of the Seventh for their soldierly appearance and martial bearing on March 17; he was sorry, though, there were some St. Patrick's Day soldiers in the regiment, but at the same time they would get rid of them as soon as possible; he also spoke on the first duty of a soldier, obedience. The Colonel brought his remarks to a close by encouraging the men to attend the weekly drills regularly, and by so doing, raise the percentage of the Seventh above any other regiment in the State. Colonel Kavanagh addressed the men on the same subject as Colonel Colby, and among other things he said he was proud of their appearance on St. Patrick's Day; and that there was no reason why the Seventh should not be the finest Irish regiment in the West. He said it was the same blood that coursed through our veins that coursed through Sheridan's when he turned defeat into victory, and Shields when he shed his on the plains of Mexico. When Colonel Kavanagh spoke of Sheridan and Shields the enthusiasm of the men was unbounded. In closing his remarks he said he hoped the men of the Seventh by their strength and general appearance would show the public on Decoration Day that they were worthy of their place at the right of the line of the First Brigade. Major Carroll in his address reviewed the past, present and glorious future of the Seventh. He forcibly impressed upon the members the necessity of attending drills regularly and raising their percentage to the highest notch. He concluded his address by giving a short recitation, after which the men of the Seventh gave three rousing cheers for Colonels Colby and Kavanagh and Major Carroll. Captain Hyland also made a short address, but his remarks were principally confined to the subject of Target Practice. Captain Sullivan was chairman during the evening; the proceedings were brought to a close by everyone standing up and singing "God Save Ireland."

Sergeant O'Connell, Company B, has been reduced to the ranks for neglect of duty; Private Sheehan, Company B, has been honorably discharged. Privates P. J. Brennan and P. Kilroy, Company C, have been dishonorably discharged.

Company C has received twenty new recruits since the 1st of January. Now they are color company of the regiment and they are proud of it; they are making great efforts to surpass every other company in the regiment, both in numbers and in drill. During February their percentage was 75, and in March 80. They hope to make even a better showing on Decoration Day than they did on St. Patrick's Day.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Reasons Why Irishmen Should Support the Patriotic Doctrine of Protection.

It Is the Best Policy for America; Consequently the Worst for England.

[*To the Editor.*]

PART VII.

To those of our countrymen who have read my arguments on the tariff I desire to address this closing letter. Irishmen have a double motive for advocating the patriotic doctrine of Protection; one is, that it is the best policy for America, and the other is that it is the worst for England. Either motive ought to be sufficient, but with both combined there can be no possible doubt as to our duty to our native and adopted countries. It would be a safe rule to oppose every position assumed by England on every question in which American interests are involved.

No Irishman who knows the history of his country, and understands the utterly selfish character of English statesmanship, will hesitate for a moment to say that the above rule would be an eminently correct one; and the most casual glance at the history of this country will convince Americans that England, either in war or peace, never was a friend of America. Any man who denies this shows his ignorance of our past and present history. In the Revolution she put forth her best efforts to extinguish in blood the young spirit of American liberty. Her invasion of our country in 1812 was marked by barbarism which would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of her ancient ally, the Turk. She kept the spirit of rebellion alive for two years or more, and when we were in our utmost extremity her statesmen boasted that "the bubble of self-government had exploded at last." Failing in her efforts to crush or cripple us in war, she resorted to the more insidious methods of diplomacy, and yet more questionable means, to injure us in peace. It must be confessed, to [illegible] successful in campaigns won by the [illegible] lot than in those fought with the bullet, because she has always been able to procure the support of a large portion of our citizens in all our political struggles in which the tariff was an issue.

It goes without saying that our great, we might say our only rival in trade and commerce is England. Since that glorious 19th of October in 1782, when she laid down her broken sword at the feet of Washington and surrendered her vanquished legions to the victorious allied armies of America and France, she has never ceased intruding her unwelcome presence into our domestic affairs. Germany, France, Russia and the other powers state their opinions with becoming modesty and a decent regard for our national dignity. They are never obtrusive nor offensive. How different is England's conduct to us. She enters into all our affairs as if they had an American and an English side, and, therefore, we needed her advice; as if we were yet in her leading-strings, and required her direction; as if we were still her revolted colonies and she was only waiting an opportune moment to recall us to her allegiance. Her newspapers condemn or commend our statesmen as though they were mere members of the British parliament—her political missionaries, come over to lecture us on political economy, just as they would do in Yorkshire or Lancashire. And the misfortune is, that too many of our people, by their un-American actions, give England cause for this impertinent, supercilious conduct.

Although it is unnecessary to do more than assert that England is bitterly opposed to Protection and ardently desires the repeal or modification of the McKinley act, I give a few quotations out of hundreds that might be given to place the matter plainly before your readers.

Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian high commissioner, at a congress of chambers of commerce of the Empire, held in London, June 28, 1892, said: "In 1890 England took from the products of the United States $485,000,000 worth without the imposition of one farthing of duty. How much did they take in return? One hundred and sixty million dollars worth. So that two-thirds of what they sent to this country was required to be paid for sending cash out of England, as they would not make an exchange. They adopted a policy that, as I say, did not make a return of one-third to this country in the shape of products. Were they satisfied? Not at all. They sat down and constructed the McKinley tariff. With what view? To see how much they could reduce the paltry $[illegible] of the products of England that they were buying from us. By a stroke of the pen they knocked off 10 per cent of that paltry $160,000,000. But what more did they do? They, like a great octupus, threw their tenacles over the whole of South America and the West Indies, with the determination to drive British trade out of that whole region, and they are going to do it. Read the language of the British Consul in Brazil, and what does he tell you? He says: 'You must make up your minds to lose the Brazilian trade, because the United States has got hold of Brazil under the reciprocity clause. By doing that they have done which I hold to be a greater crime than the imposition of the McKinley tariff and knocking down the small amount of product of British industry sent into the United States; a greater wrong by throwing their tenacles around Brazil and the other South American countries, the Antilles, and the West Indies; with a view to drive England and Canada out of the Southern Hemisphere.'"

Now, what does the Democratic party propose to do with this superb extension of our foreign trade, which was one of the grandest ideas of the lamented Blaine? Why the Wilson bill wipes it out entirely, sacrifices our newly acquired trade with the Spanish Americas, and throws it into the hands of our English enemies.

One of the greatest manufacturers in England, Sir John Jenkins, referring to Mr. Cleveland's first message, has this to say: "When Mr. Cleveland sent in his famous tariff message I was asked with other manufacturers to give my opinion of it, and I unhesitatingly said such a policy would be a grand thing for England, and I think so still."

Here is the English opinion of McKinley from the leader of British opinion, The London *Times:* "Ohio, indeed, which at the election for congress last year apparently revolted against the Protectionist policy and threw out McKinley, the author or sponsor of the new tariff law, has returned to its first love. We regret McKinley's return, which as President Harrison's congratulatory message shows will give renewed confidence to the Protectionists."

A. L. MORRISON.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

LACK OF UNITY.

How the Evicted Tenants Suffer From Dissensions in the Irish Parliamentary Party.

The following letter from Mr. James Killelea appeared in the Tuam *Herald* of the 10th ult:

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 11.—*Dear Sir:* It is some time since I have communicated to the Tuam *Herald*, but as a subscriber to your paper the trend of the *Herald's* editorials keeps me posted relative to Irish national political affairs, for which the *Herald* deserves praise, as a true Irish national newspaper for the Irish cause.

If the cablegram dispatches from Ireland during the past ten days are true, which states that Mr. John E. Redmond and the other members of the Parnellite party, have issued a manifesto to Irish- [illegible] the Presidency of [illegible] is a confessed failure, it is an important announcement.

Mr. Edward Blake, of the McCarthyite party, wants $240,000 to support the McCarthyite party. We have not heard as yet from the Healy wing of what they are going to do. Does the action of all these three parties in Ireland look like unity? If they had been bought by British bribes with British gold they could not have devised a course more hurtful to the Irish cause.

The Irish Parliamentary party should take into consideration the fact that there are less than 5,000,000 of the Irish race that embrace the population of Ireland, and one-third of that number are opposed to Home Rule and want the chains of tyranny fastened and riveted upon the people of Ireland. The other two-thirds are divided among themselves, which embrace the Parnellites, the McCarthyites and the Healyites. The saddest feature of the Irish situation is, and has long been, the division between the Irish people. No house divided against itself can stand and no nation divided against itself can rise.

What a deplorable condition of political affairs the Irish Parliamentary party has brought on in Ireland. The principal sufferers are the evicted tenants, who have sacrificed all for Ireland, brought on by the dissensions of the men in whom they trusted. The Paris fund, that we hear so much about, would have relieved the evicted tenants, if the Irish Parliamentary party would unite in releasing the fund; but no, those Parliamentary patriots would prefer to see the poor evicted tenants suffer. They talk about loving and serving their country, and making appeals for money, and this is their action.

Let the divided parties send their delegations to this country to raise money, and they will soon see how they will be received by the American people. Should a general election take place soon in Ireland, and the divided parties choose to contest the same seats, they will have to put up the fees with their own money. The Irish Parliamentary party and the Irish people should remember that when they were united in one solid National party, Ireland's friends in this country had always come to the aid of the Irish cause. It is not so now, because they are divided.

Should the Irish Parliamentary party unite, as they should, we in America will renew our practical expression of confidence, and will give all our support, as of old, by helping them to achieve by our money a Home Rule government for Ireland. Yours truly,

JAMES KILLELEA.

Sam Jack's.

Sam T. Jack, who is evidently determined to keep his Empire at the highest point of excellence in the variety field, offers a remarkably attractive programme for the coming week. His Gaiety Company—a new organization, with new costumes and scenery, and a full equipment of capable comedians and pretty women, will hold the stage, and, to judge from the list of acts and performers, should pack the pretty theatre from roof to bottom.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER VI.

BRIAN OGUE OF THE BATTLE-AXES.

When Hugh Roe arrived at his camp he found himself reinforced by the arrival of the Lord of Leitrim, The O'Rourke, Brian Ogue of the Battle Axes. It was he whose milk cows Bingham had seized upon the lawn at Dromahaire. It was he who, by exacting vengeance on the Binghams for that insult, had unintentionally kindled all the North into rebellion, and so precipitated the Nine Years' War. He arrived in camp leading a little army of horse and foot, and among the foot 160 big gallowglasses clad in shirts of glittering chainmail, and carrying long battle-axes. As these gallowglasses played a great part in the battle of Curlew Mountains, the reader must not forget them. Brian Ogue came late, and in fact till the last moment had some notion of not coming at all. If it be asked whether Brian Ogue's record as an insurgent was fair, clear, and consistent, I must reply that it was not. He too, hovered from side to side. The explanation of Brian Ogue's vacillations is interesting in itself, and will help to illustrate the character of the times.

Brian Ogue was his father's eldest son, but was not legitimate. He was the son of Brian-of-the-Ramparts, that inordinately proud chieftain, by a concubine who afterwards married a merchant in the town of Sligo, and was living there now as a married woman. It must be remembered that all over Europe even great nobles did not hesitate to espouse the discarded concubines of kings. Similarly in Ireland, merchants and the minor gentry thought it no shame to marry the discarded concubines of great lords and high chieftains. The low standard of morals which this practice implies was not peculiarly Irish; it was common to all Europe, and was one of the results of king-worship. There were no such king-worshippers anywhere as the Irish, and dearly they paid for it in the next century.

Subsequently Brian Ogue's father married the Lady Mary Burke, sister of Ulick, Earl of Clanricarde. I would have the reader remember that there was little or no difference between great people in Ireland and great people in England and elsewhere at this time. They were essentially the same class. So we find that while Brian of the Ramparts married one sister of Ulick the Earl, Sir Henry Malbay, the Queen's President of Connacht, married another. Again, the eldest son of Ulick married the Lady Francis Walsingham, who was widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and also of Robert, Earl of Essex. So this high lady, one of the highest in the empire, called Brian-of-the-Ramparts O'Rourke, "uncle." They were all essentially the same sort of people, and recognized each other as such.

The Lady Mary Burke bore a son to O'Rourke. He was called Cathal. When O'Rourke went into rebellion Cathal was a child. So, for purposes of war and government, he had to lean on his eldest son, the son of the concubine. Consequently, when the old O'Rourke was executed for treason, Brian Ogue, in spite of illegitimacy, succeeded him as chieftain. Meantime, Lady O'Rourke sent her boy to school in Limerick, where he was put under the care of a certain Master White, who kept a large school there, frequented by the sons of the western and southern lords. The government kept an attentive eye upon that school. When boys were removed in large numbers it was a storm-signal. It meant that their fathers were going into rebellion. The reader will now see that though Brian Ogue, the son of the concubine, was lord de facto of Leitrim, his half brother, the schoolboy, being his father's eldest legitimate son, was lord de jure. Brian Ogue had, in fact, no claim whatsoever to that seignorie, save the right of the strong hand. When Clifford came into the province Brian Ogue intrigued with him. He hoped that Clifford in return for military assistance would be able to establish him in his insecure lordship and strike some arrangement between himself and the house of Clanricarde which, of course, supported the title of their kinsman the boy Cathal. In fact Brian Ogue about this time would have openly sided with the queen and supported Clifford to the utmost of his power but for the menaces of Red Hugh. Red Hugh had to flash his sword, so to speak, several times in the eyes of Brian Ogue before he could deter him from that course.

Though Brian Ogue now came late to Red Hugh's hosting he did come and his arrival was very welcome to Red Hugh. This Brian, as we have seen elsewhere, was an Oxford man. He was at the University when his father went into rebellion. Hearing the news he fled from Oxford and came home through Scotland and Ulster.

Hugh marching south to the Curlews left no enemy behind him. Ballymote, the third great fortress of the territory, had fallen into his hands in the previous year. It was the capital, as one might say, of the barony of Corran, the lord of which barony was a MacDonough.

In the previous year this MacDonough of Corran captured Ballymote from the O'Conor Sligo and drove out the Queen's people. He then sold Ballymote to Red Hugh, after which it became Hugh's headquarters. This event, as recorded in the "Four Masters," is curiously suggestive of the times:

"The governor of Connacht and O'Donnell, i.e. Red Hugh, were bidding against each other for the castle and proposing to purchase it from the MacDonoughs. But the end of the matter was that the MacDonough gave the castle to O'Donnell on terms of purchase and contract in the middle month of the harvest of this year. £400 and 300 cows was the price which O'Donnell gave the MacDonoughs for the town."

Here then we see a powerful chieftain affecting neither cause, but anxious only to make the most he could out of the situation. But to judge any of these men, we must get out of the nineteenth century and take our stand in the midst of the sixteenth, and that, indeed, is not easy.

CHAPTER VII.

RED HUGH GIVES HIS MEN A GOOD BREAKFAST AND A SHORT SPEECH.

Now drew on the feast of the Virgin Mary, a festival still known among our peasantry as Lady Day in harvest. On the day before the feast Red Hugh proclaimed a solemn fast. All fasted, confessed and "received the Body of Christ" and went to bed hungry but comforted. All the confederated chieftains gave themselves out as champions of the church. Policy if not principle led to the adoption of that course. The assumption of such a role would give them greater power over their followers, and enable them to draw support from the Catholic princes of the Continent. The religious question, however, had, I think, very little to do with this or any of the Irish wars of the sixteenth century. The princes of Ireland really fought in defense of their feudal independence. Born kings, and educated under all the old dynastic influences, they could not brook the huge invasions which the advance of the central authority during this century made upon their *jura regalia*—the tax-gatherers, the sheriffs, the provincial presidents, the going judges of assize, the abolition of cuttings and spendings, of suppers and cosherings, etc. The Queen's Irish were all Catholics too, and I suppose quite as devout. But the confederate chiefs, for one reason or another, were wont to represent themselves in a peculiar degree as champions of the church. So Red Hugh solemnly proclaimed a fast on the eve of Lady Day, after which he and his warriors went to bed hungry but comforted.

Hugh took good care of his men. They were protected from the weather and from ague and rheumatism by good leathern tents. Hence we may presume that such a successful campaigner and swift journeyer looked well also to his commissariat, and that his men lacked nothing which fighting men should have. Night fell, and also rain. Whoever waked that night heard it loud-pattering against the leathern walls, provoking thoughts.

It was the eve of the day of battle. All expected that Clifford would attempt to force the pass on the morrow. Some did not sleep and could not, viz, Red Hugh's scouts and sentinels keeping watch up the pass looking Boyle-ward from the bristly barricade, wet to the bone, but vigilant, peering through the darkness, or listening with inclined heads.

Morning dawned, still teeming, rain, rain, the heavy black sky promising an abundant downfall. Red Hugh looked out, and in his red head arose the conviction that the president would not move this day, would, on the contrary, remain comfortably in monastic Boyle. In gunmen the president was superior. Apart from natural disinclination to march and fight under such very pluvious conditions, he would be unwilling, thought Hugh, to neutralize his firearms. In those days of tow-matches and matchlocks the gunman was helpless before rain. Brave Hugh, too, I suppose, had little stomach for a wet day's fighting, and the fasting of the previous day, perhaps, made him less alert than usual, and helped the wish to engender the thought that Clifford would not stir, and that this, the Virgin's own day, would be spent in peace and festivity. His captains came and received their orders, not murmuring, whatever they may have thought, "for truly whatever he ordered it should be done according, as he commanded it by the word of his mouth."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

NOTE—It may interest the reader to know that Ballymote was the *nidus* of the Taafe family, now for a long time very powerful in Austria. When the Nine Years' War came to an end Ballymote was granted to the Taafes, who were created viscounts of Corran. They fought for the Crown against the Puritans, were expelled, and went into the Austrian service.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR THE MILLION.

The marvelous development of the States of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, within the last few years has attracted attention in all parts of the world. It is not necessary, however, to search far for the causes of this wonderful growth, for this entire region, which is penetrated by The North-Western Line, teems with golden opportunities for enterprising farmers, mechanics and laborers who desire to better their condition. Here are lands which combine all varieties of soil, climate and physical feature that render them most desirable for agriculture or commerce. Rich rolling prairies, capable of raising the finest quality of farm products in luxurious abundance, can still be secured at low prices and upon most liberal terms, and in many cases good productive farms can be purchased for scarcely more than the yearly rental many eastern farmers are compelled to pay. Reaching the principal cities and towns and the richest and most productive farming districts of this favored region The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) offers its patrons the advantages of ready markets, unexcelled train service, perfect equipment and all the comforts and conveniences known to strictly first-class railway travel. Maps, time-tables and general information can be obtained of ticket agents of connecting lines, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you wan to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene tnis earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Macinac Island and other gems of American Scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

You can get these at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, No. 67 Clark st., or by addressing, with remittance, Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

HE ROPED THE HOUSE

THEN IT WAS PULLED SLAP INTO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Uncle Billy Russel, an Old Steamboat Captain, Took a Striking Method of Revenging the Wrongs Done to a Friend In a Gambling Den.

The early days of steamboating on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were filled with many exciting and interesting events, recollections of which will possess peculiar interest for thousands of persons who have lived to see the great tide of travel diverted from these once thronged and popular routes by the more aggressive railroads.

Most of the captains and pilots of those busy river days were men who served their time upon broadhorns or keelboats, and a rough and ready set of fellows they were. All were almost born and really educated upon the water, passing their days either in floating down stream exposed to the various dangers of the voyage or wearily working their boat up stream against the rapid current and liable at any moment to be attacked by some one of the many gangs of robbers that infested all the region through which they passed.

One of these old time rivermen was Uncle Billy Russel, as he was familiarly called. At one time he was known from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Six feet and massively built, Uncle Billy had been in his prime a man of giant strength and possessed of unflinching courage, yet slow to anger and when not aroused kind hearted and a most agreeable companion. But when provoked to wrath he not only inspired terror, but was shunned by his enemies.

One of his noted characteristics was a hatred of injustice in any form, or a strong believer, as he put it, in "fair play," and nothing would more quickly arouse his fiercest resentment than to discover an unfair advantage taken or the imposition of one man upon another. This rather peculiar notion in those days of card playing and robbery on the river made Uncle Billy unpopular with the dishonest gamblers who infested many of the river towns and swarmed upon the steamers that plied the waters. But the old fellow's prowess and strength were too well known to precipitate a personal encounter between him and the pasteboard fraternity. Several years after Russel had abandoned the flatboat for the swifter moving steamer he was temporarily in command of a large steamboat on its up trip, because of the illness of the captain, who had remained at New Orleans. One night the boat was compelled to tie up at Natchez, "under the hill," and wait for morning to resume its trip. A number of passengers went on shore and visited the dancehouses and gambling dens that were doing a thriving business in their line.

Among the crowd was a man named Hall, who had taken a flatboat of produce south, sold out his boat and cargo at a big profit and was returning to his home near Cincinnati with the proceeds of his sale. He entered a notorious house that stood on the bank overlooking the river, more through curiosity than the desire to game. The place was frequented by the lowest class of gamblers and desperate characters. Hall foolishly displayed his money and was at once attacked, brutally beaten and robbed of every cent and then thrown out of the building in an almost dying condition, where he was found and carried back to the boat by friendly hands. Russel learned of the affair, and getting from the lips of the suffering victim all the particulars of the outrage he went on shore early in the morning, and going to the house demanded of the proprietor the return of all the stolen money. The half drunken ruffian laughed at the request, and his saloon being crowded with a gang of fellows who would murder a man for a drink of whisky the proprietor threatened the captain that if he didn't leave the place immediately they would throw him out and treat him as they had his friend.

"I'll go," said the enraged officer, "but your infamous den will go with me."

Proceeding to the boat that was waiting his orders to pull out, he directed the deckhands to get the largest cable on the steamer and follow him with sufficient weapons for a fight. Leading the way to the house, a two story frame building, the cable was passed around it and then in and out of some of the windows and made fast. In the upper room were a number of gamblers, too busy to combat the river men or see what they were doing. The proprietor was down stairs passing over the liquor to the crowd of half drunken and thirsty customers and did not comprehend what was going on until the huge rope had securely encircled his house. As a throng of spectators raised a cheer Russel sprang on his boat and shouted out to the pilot, "Go ahead!" and to the engineer, "Let her go!"

The boat began to move, the rope began to tighten, the house began to creak, the inmates began to tremble, and the sound of tearing timber and the oaths of frightened men commingled. The gamblers rushed from the tables, the drunken revelers about the bar left their liquor untasted and sprang from the saloon. The astonished proprietor pulled a pistol, and swearing he would shoot the author of all this commotion rushed through his doorway just as the swaying and creaking building yielded to the mighty pull and toppled over with a tremendous crash. The next instant the surging boat dragged it into the river. The cable was then unloosened and the steamer continued its course amid the cheers of an approving crowd and the yells and curses of the disappointed and enraged proprietor, who swore he would kill the daring Russel on his return trip. But the boatman had more friends than the murderous gambler, and he was never molested for destroying one of the worst places on the river.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch, Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

AS VIEWED BY AN ENGINEER.

Impressions of a Piano Solo From a Railroad Man's Standpoint.

"I was loitering around the streets one night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, to a reporter. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzzsaw, and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle way back in the sender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee.

"I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades 50 feet to the mile and not a controlling break set. She went by the meeting point at a mile a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be 1,000 years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

This Dog Knew Too Much.

Jack, an Irish setter whose home is in Maryland, has the regular duty of bringing the mail from the letter box at the gate, the house standing well back from the road. His family were anticipating a two weeks' visit to New York and proposed sending Jack to the country during their absence. Jack's wishes in the matter were not consulted, and he was not invited to take part in the discussion, but that he listened was proved by his actions. It was decided to start on a Tuesday evening, provided a letter were received by the morning's mail. It did not come, however, nor in the afternoon, when Jack brought up a whole batch, and to his satisfaction no one left home. Several days passed. Then a telegram came inquiring what was the matter. An exchange of letters disclosed the fact that the promised letter was written and should have been received when expected. A search, into which Jack was impressed, much against his will, discovered the missing letter hidden in a hencoop, and it bore unmistakable evidence that Jack had placed it there.

Now, it is not to be supposed that Jack could read or distinguish handwriting, so his keen nose must have recognized the writer, who was a frequent visitor, of whom he was very fond, but only from listening to the talk could he have connected that person with the plans for departure. This is the only instance of Jack's ever betraying a trust, but the sagacity evinced was so great that confidence in him was increased instead of lessened by it.—Demorest's Magazine.

A CITY'S BUSINESS PULSE.

How Its Rise and Fall Are Recorded In the Telephone Exchanges.

Where is the pulse of the city's business to be felt and watched? On the streets, in the Stock Exchange, the board of trade, the hotels, the street cars or on the docks? Not at all. Where then? Why, in the telephone exchanges. There you will see the pulse of city life beating more or less feverishly all through the 24 hours of the day.

If you are interested in the subject and get the right side of the general manager, he will show you the "line of life" of the city for a single day laid out on a beautiful chart. It looks like the profile of a mountain range cut clean through the middle. The line shows the number of telephone communications for each hour of the 24 in the same manner that the daily variations of the barometer and barometer are shown in the newspapers.

During the early morning hours it is a gently undulating slope, almost a table land. At about 6 a. m. it begins to ascend, at 7 the ascent grows sharper and by 8 the slope is steep, at 9 it is precipitous, and between 11 and 12 it reaches the summit of a lofty peak.

The general manager tells you what the line means. In the middle of the night and during the wee sma' hours there is little telephone talking. Still every hour there is always some. The newspapers, belated clubmen and other night owls provide it. Then, as the day breaks, the market opens fire, and the traffic creeps upward. A little later the early birds of business begin to pipe up, and the traffic steadily grows. Then the rush down town begins in earnest, in a short time every business office is in full swing, the pulse of the city beats at fever heat, and a thousand telephone bells are tinkling every minute.

The line jumps up the slope by leaps and bounds, the operators rush in and pull out plugs, turn down levers and press buttons as if their very life depended on doing 15 separate things in five seconds, and each one could find work for three pairs of hands and an equal number of mouths and ears.

Then, at about noon, the top notch of high pressure is reached, and the line drops down the other side of the peak. Men go out to luncheon, and for a couple of hours there is a valley in the mountain range.

Everybody does not go out together, though, and even between 12 and 3 there is not a very deep valley. Calls still rain in from all quarters, but there is not the tremendous demand on the telephone that there was an hour or two ago.

By 2 o'clock the line begins to soar upward again, as if trying to outdo its performance of the forenoon. People are back in their offices, and the pulse of the city again approaches fever heat, another peak begins to form, and the summit is reached some time between 3 and 4.

Sometimes it overtops the morning peak, sometimes it is not quite so high, but it always makes another "rush hour" for the operators. By 4 o'clock people begin to go home, the line is on its downward course again, and this time it drops down like the slope of a church steeple.

Between 5 and 6 the telephone communications have subsided from several thousands per hour to a few hundred, and the descent is still rapid. The greater part of the operators are relieved from duty, and in the course of an hour or two the great switchboard, from being a nervous, palpitating thing of life, incessantly receiving signals and making signs, lazily winks one of its many eyes every few minutes for the rest of the evening and night.

It never sleeps entirely. In the deadest hour of the night, week day and Sunday, high day and holiday, somebody has occasion to use the telephone, and the pulse of the switchboard, the heart of the city's life, responds at all times to the touch of a communicative public.—Boston Globe.

WHISKY SPIES KILLED.

DESPERATE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Fight at Darlington in Which Four Persons Are Killed—Governor Tillman Calls on the Soldiery but They Refuse to Respond.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 2.—The war in Darlington is not over. The citizens are still hunting the constabulary. The fugitives have been located and a posse has started in pursuit of them. The adjutant general of the state is here trying to get soldiers to proceed to the scene, but without success. The mayor of Darlington has telegraphed for bloodhounds with which to track the murderers. The riot heretofore reported took place at the depot. The correspondent of The News and Courier telegraphs this account: A few citizens were seated around the depot and a number of spies were collected in a group a short distance off at the time of the shooting. F. E. Norment expostulated at the language being used by the dispensary agents.

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

Firing Became General.

Just then Constable McLandon drew a revolver, and reaching over the shoulder of Rogers, shot Frank Norment dead. In an instant the firing became general. The constables used their Winchesters and the citizens returned the fire with their pistols. There were very few pistols among the citizens, however, and they had not a fair show against their well-armed assailants. In the fight Frank Norment was killed instantly, being pierced by half a dozen balls. Pepper was shot down in his tracks, a pistol ball going through his heart. Redmond fell a second later, shot in three places. After the shooting of Norment and Redmond, McLendon was shot through the abdomen, Chief of Police A. E. Darligan was dangerously wounded in the body. Louis Norment was shot in the breast and arm and K. D. Lucas was shot in five places. The constables kept up firing until they had cleared the platform.

Fled in All Directions.

Chief of Police Darligan, badly wounded as he was, rode back to town, fearing what would happen when the news of the bloody work reached the citizens. The spies fled in all directions. As they were running through the town it was seen that four of them were wounded, one in the leg, another in the back and a third in the chest. A fourth had his nose shot off. As soon as the citizens received the news of the shooting they armed themselves and started in pursuit of the flying constables. They chased them into the swamp, firing at them as they ran. The militia companies of Charleston, Sumter, Manning and Winnsboro have all refused to respond to the governor's call for troops.

THREATEN TO LYNCH TILLMAN.

Penitentiary Guards Protecting the Governor from Danger.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 2.—The absence of advices from Darlington gives color to the suspicion that the people of that section are preventing the use of the telegraph. A body of armed citizens left this city to aid the people of Darlington in their war on the constables. In view of reported threats of lynching the governor and destroying the dispensaries, penitentiary guards have been detailed to guard the governor's mansion and dispensaries. Passengers from the scene of the hostilities report large gatherings of frenzied men and boys along the line of the railroad and at the depots, armed with shotgun and rifles. At each stopping place the cars were entered and a search made for constabulary. It is reported that the Florence dispensary was raided and looted during the night.

In compliance with the governor's orders Adjutant General Watts has taken the arms of the disbanded militia companies to the state armory for safe keeping. The armory of the Richland Volunteer Rifles company has just been entered by citizens bent on seizing the arms to prevent the state authorities from getting them. Governor Tillman is hastening forward country companies to the relief of the beleagured constabulary, and is in receipt of telegrams offering the services of as many men as necessary to uphold the law. The Charleston companies have refused to obey orders and will disband.

Seized the Railway Lines.

ST. LOUIS, April 2.—A special to The Post-Dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: The governor has received advices from Charleston stating that three leading military companies there refuse to obey orders to go to Darlington, the scene of the trouble. Prevented from sending troops the governor has taken the other course now and will prevent aid reaching Darlington's citizens. To accomplish this he has, under section 2,582, S. C. S., seized the railroad lines of the coast line system leading to Darlington and will allow no traffic over them.

End of the Kearsarge.

BOSTON, March 29.—A dispatch dated Havana to President Winson of the Boston Towboat company from the captain of the steamer Orion, says that the United States steamer Kearsarge has been blown up and burned by the natives. The remnants of the hull below the water line were wrecked and broken and showed the effect of the explosion. Previous to the destruction of the vessel the natives of San Andres island rifled the wreck of everything movable.

Town Wiped Out by Fire.

OMAHA, March 29.—A special to The Bee from North Platte says the town of Sutherland, sixteen miles west of here was totally destroyed by fire. A high wind was raging at the time and the efforts to stop the fire were of no avail. A complete report of the losses cannot be obtained.

REPORTED ADVERSELY.

Secretary Smith Makes a Decision in a Land Case.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Secretary Hoke Smith has transmitted to congress an adverse report on the house bill recently introduced providing for the restoration of 1,861 square miles of land in the Yellowstone National park to the public domain. The secretary says that the segregation of the land would result in obstructing the enforcement of the regulations for the government of the park owing to the squatting that would be made on these lands by crowds of poachers, trappers and other undesirable characters. The boundaries of the park as now fixed by law are satisfactory to the department and no good reason for the proposed change is known.

It is held that the passage of this bill would establish a bad precedent and result in turning the entire reservation over to private interests.

STRIKERS INDULGE IN RIOT.

Property Destroyed in the Pensylvania Coke Regions—Works Closed.

PITTSBURG, April 2.—Dispatches received from Uniontown report rioting and the destruction of some property in the coke region by foreigners who have struck. At the Oliver, Leisinnig, Morrell and Wheeler, Humphrey and Anchor Plants the men started to work, but they were driven off by armed bands of strikers. At Morrell's works, at Dunbar, a large quantity of dynamite was used and considerable property destroyed.

Calls have been made upon the sheriff and deputies are being sworn in. Two-thirds of the works are now closed. A number of persons were injured in the rioting, but none seriously. Rioting is also reported at the Hill farm mines at Dunbar.

FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

Eight Children and a Servant Girl Perish in the Flames.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., March 30.—A special to The Gazette from Hinton gives an account of a terrible accident that occurred at McKentree, in Summers county. When W. E. Wilt of that place returned home at 8 o'clock in the morning after being out on watch all night he found his home in ashes and to his horror learned that his eight children and the hired girl had been consumed in the flames. No further details are obtainable, owing to the isolated locality of McKentree. The dispatch states that the mother who escaped the flames is wild with grief.

DECLINES THE SENATORSHIP.

Party Consideration Prevents Speaker Crisp from Accepting.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Speaker Crisp declines Governor Northen's proffer of appointment as senator from Georgia. His declination was conferred to the governor in a telegram. In it he makes it plain that he will be a candidate for senator for the full term, but party considerations prevent him from giving up the office of speaker now. He is going to stay in obedience to the demand of his colleagues that he stay at the post of duty until the Democratic pledges of legislation are redeemed.

COXEY'S ARMY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Too Many Men Receiving Rations for the Number That March.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., April 2.—Too many men are being fed General Coxey thinks compared with the number that march. Ae and the Unknown held a conference in headquarters' tent and a secret service was decided on. A corps of amateur detectives will be organized before Sewickley is reached, so that the Unknown will practically have all the men under his thumb before the commonweal reaches Allegheny.

The total number of recruits is 139 and the army marched out 243 strong. This is the largest number since the inception on the movement and this is the longes march.

It Was No Joke for Kluge.

NEW YORK, April 3.—When Mrs. Kluge, wife of a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, heard a pistol shot in an adjoining room. She laughingly told Mrs. Webster, a neighbor, that her husband had fired a blank cartridge. "He is just joking," she said, "pretending to be lying dead in the room." But it was no joke. Kluge had killed himself. He had threatened many to take his life, and at last executed his threat. The couple had quarreled much of late and Kluge had been drinking heavily.

The Breckinridge-Pollard Case.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—As soon as the circuit court met Colonel Breckinridge again took the stand and continued his story. He denied all the statements of the plaintiff concerning the alleged conversation during the ride. He said he did not see the plaintiff in August, 1892, and did not know she was in Washington at the time. Upon conclusion of this side of the case Mr. Breckinridge was turned over to Judge Wilson and his cross-examination began.

Fatality at a Bridge Collapse.

ST. LOUIS, April 3.—A special to The Republic from Bristol, Tenn., says: The collapse of the large wooden bridge at Radford, Va., was greater than at first appeared. Eight men went down thirty feet. Three were instantly killed—Charles Thomas, Edward Mabes and C. Andrews, all white. T. A. McCullogh, the contractor, has since died. Thomas Brice, colored, Will Johnson and James Conners, the latter colored, cannot recover.

So Is $33,000 of the Bank's Money.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Gustave Hagen, one of the book-keepers of the American Exchange National bank, is missing, and so is $33,000 of the bank's money. One of the bank's customers, C. E. Bartholomew, is in Ludlow street jail, charged with being accessory to the embezzlement, and the police are hunting for Hagen.

Le Caron, "The Spy," Is Dead.

LONDON, April 2.—The spy, Le Caron, who was so prominently identified with the charges against the late Charles Stewart Parnell, died yesterday from a painful malady from which he had long suffered.

Gets Colquitt's Seat.

ATLANTA, April 3.—Patrick Walsh, editor of the Augusta Chronicle, has been appointed by Governor Northen to fill the vacancy in the United States senate caused by the death of Senator Colquitt.

Lore Rosebery once introduced a bill to substitute an elective senate for the house of lords. He is said to be heartily in favor of removing the veto power of the lords.

The jewelry store of Orr Keith at West Branch, Ia., was robbed of property worth $1,800.

RAKED BY TILLMAN.

The Governor Gives a Company Some Hot Shot.

"BANDBOX AND HOLIDAY SOLDIERS"

Is What the South Carolina Executive Dubs the Newberry Rifles, Who Are Dismissed as Unworthy to Wear the State Uniform Instead of Being Allowed to Resign—Loud Cheers for "Ben Tillman" by the Loyal Troops.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 3.—Governor Tillman himself says: "The worst is over and order now reigns." Throughout the day the governor had offers of services from several outside military companies, all of which he declined. The telegraph censorship has not been discontinued, but the governor himself passes upon all telegrams, rejecting some and changing others. The sensation of the day here was the refusal of the Newberry rifles to remain stationed at the telegraph offices to supervise the telegrams, and their notice to the governor of their resignation.

At a dress-parade of the troops stationed here the following letters were read by Judge Advocate John Gary Evans. The first is from the company to the governor:

Captain McCaughey's Letter.

"DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that we, the Newberry Rifles, have performed the duty assigned us—that of guarding the state house and telegraph office. The latter duty being exceedingly distasteful to the entire command, and as the company responded to your order to appear here under the belief that they were needed for the purpose of protecting life and property and not for the purpose of exercising a scrutiny over the private affairs of the citizens of South Carolina—a duty not only distasteful, but in the judgment of the company unnecessary and calculated to irritate the people under the present state of affairs—the members of the company not caring to be subject to such orders in the future beg leave herewith to tender their resignation and to say that their arms, etc., are at your command."

This was signed by S. J. McCaughey, captain of the Newberry Rifles.

GOT A RATTLING REPLY.

The Screed an Insult and the Soldiers Sent Home in Disgrace.

Below is given the governor's reply:

"DEAR SIR: Your coummunication of this date has been received. Under the laws of South Carolina the governor is clothed with discretionary powers to call out the militia whenever in the judgment of the governor it may be necessary, and when so called into the service of the state the militia shall be subject to the same rules and articles of war as troops of the United States. The action of your company and your daring to send it to me, under these rules is mutiny and an insult to the commander-in-chief, who was given his commission by the people. The duty of the soldiers and the militia as soldiers when called into service is blind obedience to their superiors, and not to question them in any degree.

"You have failed to learn the first lesson, and I will make of you and your company an example. Your resignation is not accepted, but you are dismissed from the service of the state as anworthy to wear its uniform. The arms and other state property in your possession will be delivered to Colonel John Gary Watts, assistant adjutant general and inspector general, and you can depart to your homes. You do not deserve it, but I will pay your hotel bill and I trust that I may never be bothered with any more such band-box and holiday soldiers."

The reading of the governor's reply to McCaughey's letter brought deafening applause from all who were supporters of the governor. Their enthusiasm was so great that they continued to cheer loudly for "Ben Tillman" after marching back into the penitentiary grounds.

The governor says he will keep the troops at Darlington until after the inquest on the killing of last week to protect the constables. He will also continue to enforce the dispensary law, more rigidly than ever. He said: "The blood which has been shed at Darlington and elsewhere in the enforcement of the dispensary law was a necessary sacrifice to the moloch of whisky, and this insurrection is the last expiring agonies of the whisky ring."

ALL QUIET AT DARLINGTON.

Town Still Under Martial Law and the Militia on Guard.

DARLINGTON, S. C., April 3.—There is but little news to be given out from Darlingron, as absolutely nothing of a startling or even an interesting nature has occurred. There is not a more quiet town in the state than this now. The town is still under martial law and the troops are still here and they have marched and drilled all over town, but that is all they have done.

They could do nothing else, as not even a school-boy "scrap" or a dog fight has occurred to mar the serenity of the day. The town is again taking on its usual everyday appearance and the business houses are open and trade is being conducted as quietly as formerly, and if it were not for the presence of the military the town would present its ordinary appearance.

Ruffians the Sheriff Should Hang.

DANVILLE, Ills., April 3.—Emma Wildrich and her escort, John Watson, were walking in Ellsworth park when two fellows struck him to the ground. The girl screamed until the threats of the two brutes frightened her to silence, though she fought until exhausted. Watson called officers and a search was made for the girl. She could not be found, though her wraps were picked up in the park. The ruffians took the girl to Main and Mill streets, where they left her and disappeared.

Banquet of the Iroquois Club.

CHICAGO, April 3.—At the annual banquet of the Iroquois club, Chicago's leading Democratic organization, some 450 persons gathered in the handsomely decorated club house. The speakers were as follows: John E. Ela, John E. Russell (Mass.), William Lindsay (Ky.), Henry G. Turner (Ga.), William D. Bynum (Ind.) Thomas L. Johnson (O.). Hon. John E. Russell spoke upon "Administration, Vigorous, Fearless, Democratic."

Appointed a Commerce Commissioner.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Senator Youmans, a member of the Iowa state senate, has been appointed inter state commerce commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge McDill.

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Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

SEIGNIORAGE BILL DEAD.

The Bland Silver Measure Vetoed by President Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The president has sent to the house of representatives a message vetoing the Bland silver seigniorage bill, in which, among other things, he says:

"I return without my approval house bill numbered 4566, entitled 'An act directing the coinage of the silver bullion held in the treasury and for other purposes.' My strong desire to avoid disagreement with those in both houses of congress whom have supported this bill would lead me to approve of it if I could believe that the public good would not be thereby endangered and that such action on my part would be a proper discharge of official duty. Inasmuch, however, as I am unable to satisfy myself that the proposed legislation is either wise or opportune, my conception of the obligations and responsibilities attached to the great office I hold forbids the indulgence of my personal desire and inexorably confines me to that course which is dictated by my reason and judgment, and pointed out by a sincere purpose to protect and promote the general interests of our people."

Would Drain the Country of Gold.

The president further says the bill is loosely drawn and would drain the country of our gold. He says he believes the coinage of the bullion seigniorage might be safely and advantageously done provided authority were given the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds at a low rate of interest. He expressed a hope for a comprehensive adjustment of our monetary affairs in a short time in a way to accord to silver its proper place in our currency.

MAY HANG APRIL 6.

Prendergast May Not Be Tried for Insanity by Judge Chetlain.

CHICAGO, March 31.—It is now said that Assassin Prendergast will not be tried for insanity if State's Attorney Kern can help it, and that his request for a ten days' continuance is explained by his presence just now in Ottawa. In other words, Mr. Kern has gone to Ottawa to ask the supreme court to issue an injunction against Judge Chetlain to prevent him from interfering with the sentence of the court, in which event Prendergast will be executed April 6.

Judge Anthony's views are believed to coincide with those of A. S. Trude, which, in effect, are that the supreme court has the power to interrupt the proposed lunatico-inquirendo proceedings set for next Thursday, one day previous to the date of execution. The utmost secrecy is preserved in the state's attorney's office regarding Mr. Kern's visit to Ottawa, but it is thought by Prendergast's lawyers that the object of the state's attorney visit to the supreme court is for no other purpose than to present arguments to the court with that object in view.

Murdered and His Cabin Fired.

DENISON, Tex., April 2.—The watchman's shanty at the junction near here, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas and Houston and Texas Central, burned. After the flames were extinguished the body of an unknown man, charred and with the skull crushed, was found in the ruins. He had been murdered and the cabin fired to conceal the crime.

The Hungarian Flag to Fly.

NEW YORK, March 29.—In response to the request of a delegation representing various Hungarian societies Mayor Gilroy has cordially consented that the Hungarian flag be floated at half-mast along with the stars and stripes on April 4, the day of Kossuth's funeral at Buda-Pesth.

Chance for Another Texas Case.

DENVER, March 28.—The Denver contingent for Coxey's army has decided to take up the march for Washington Saturday morning. They number about fifty men. They will not walk, but expect to capture an eastbound freight train.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.

Fire at Barry, Ills., Destroys Fifty Buildings—Loss, $200,000.

QUINCY, Ills., March 31.—Fire began at 4 o'clock in the opera house at Barry after a ball and swept away the business district. The city building, engine house and jail, every meat shop in the place, and the largest clothing house in Pike county were among the buildings destroyed. A rough estimate of the loss is between $150,000 and $200,000, with about half insured. Upwards of fifty buildings and stores were consumed.

Heavy Loss of Live Stock.

OMAHA, March 29.—A special to The Bee from Douglas, Wyo., says: The first train since the big storm has reached here. Estimates based on reports from Casper and surrounding country show the loss of range sheep to be close to 12 per cent. There was no total loss of stock. The loss of range cattle is great. Riders report hundreds of dead animals scattered over the snow. Another big storm coming from the northwest broke on this section in the evening. It has been storming since 3 o'clock. The wind is strong and cold.

Octogenarian Wants to Race.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., April 2.—H. Purcell of this city, who is now in his 83d year, has issued a challenge to any octogenarian in the country to run him a half mile foot race for a purse of $300, winner to take two best out of three heats. The unique offer is open for thirty days and Mr. Purcell's money will be found ready any day within that time. He is remarkably active for one of his advanced years and has always been noted for his sprinting abilities and powers of endurance.

His Death Caused by Alcohol.

DENVER, April 2.—James Sharran, a well-known gambler, was found dead in an unused store. He had apparently been dead a week. Alcohol caused his death.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

PEORIA, Ills., March 31.—Bourland street, on the west bluff, was the scene of a horrible accident, when one of the immense standpipes of the Peoria Water company collapsed with a deafening crash that was heard in all portions of the city. The pipe had been leaking for a number of days and a force of five men were set to work to repair it. Without a sign of warning the bottom section burst and the steel structure immediately collapsed. There were several school children playing close by and many of them, with some of the workmen, were hurled a distance of half a block by the force of the vast volume of water so suddenly let loose. Frank Hogan, aged 14, was instantly killed and several companions sustained injuries which may result fatally. Three of the water company men were badly hurt, while the two others were missing, and presumed to be under the wreck. Two houses were completely wrecked by the force of the water, while a half a dozen others were blown from their foundations and badly damaged. Barns and other small structures were smashed to kindling wood.

Searching for the Victims.

As soon as the water had subsided a force of employes and police began the search for the killed and injured among the debris. Most of the victims were found 100 or more feet away from the site of the tower, where they had been washed by the force of the flood. The only one killed, Frank Hogan, was taken from under a twisted sheet of steel twenty feet square which had been torn out of the side of the tower and hurled fifty feet.

Among the injured are: Warren Anderson, shoulder broken; Frank Caldwell, leg broken in four places and will have to be amputated; Charles Littlefield, internal injuries which may prove fatal; Rollo King, head badly cut; Charles Needham, internal injuries; Bertha Norman, head cut and badly bruised; John Kennedy, iron worker, internal injuries; three employes of the Peoria Water company, names cannot be learned, seriously injured.

Lower Court's Decision Affirmed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 3.—The supreme court, in deciding the case of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad vs. Charles L. Jones, affirming the lower court's decision, sustained the railroad act of 1872, which authorizes the railroad and warehouse commissioners to fix a schedule of reasonable maximum rates for each railroad of the state. In thus deciding, the court denied that the act delegated legislative power, deprived persons of property without due process, infringed upon the rights of trial by jury or impaired the obligations of the contract as was contended by the railway.

University Students Suspended.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., March 31.—A decided sensation has been produced among the University of Illinois students by the announcement that some thirty-five or forty students have been suspended for a term by the faculty on account of failure to pass the winter term examinations or for being "conditioned." The action of the faculty caused a wail of woe from the athletic people because two of the most promising base ball candidates for first and third base, Atherton and Wade, both practically sure of their positions, are victims of the faculty mandate.

Suing Some Illinois Counties.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 28.—Suits have been filed in the United States circuit court in assumpsit by Edward D. Shepard, of New York, against Hamilton county, Ills., for $80,000, and against Gallatin county, Ills., for $20,000; by Walter M. Jackson, of New York, against Johnson county for $40,000, and by William L. Foster, of Boston, against Johnson county for $5,000—all suits to compel payment of principal and interest on railroad aid bonds issued by these counties in 1872, payable in 1892. The bonds have been declared valid by the courts.

Had a Winning Way With Her.

TUSCOLA, Ills., March 28.—The contest for the nomination for superintendent of schools has closed in this county, Miss Mayme Bunch, of Arcola, winning by 100 plurality over a field of five male applicants. Heretofore it had been the custom te deal out cigars and beer at the primaries, but Miss Bunch introduced a new and novel mode of winning the hearts and vutes of the men. She took her place at the polls and pinned handsome bouquets of Marechal Niel roses and pink carnations on the lapels of the voters' coats.

Found Hanging in a Barn.

ROCK ISLAND, Ills., April 2.—Fred Brindle, a 14 year-old boy, was found hanging by his neck in his father's barn dead. It is not known whether he committed suicide or hanged himself in play, but the latter is supposed to be the case, as he several days ago after reading the account of a hanging in the newspapers questioned his father in regard to the sensation a person would experience while being hanged.

For Mayor of Bloomington, Ills.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., 30.—The Democratic city convention nominated George H. Miller for mayor and H. H. Dayels for police magistrate, and indorsed the full line of aldermanic candidates. There are now three candidates for mayor, those besides Miller being George M. Smith, independent reform, and Edgar Heafer, straight Republican on a reform platform. Both are Republicans. The election is April 16.

Declined to Prosecute the Road.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 3.—Attorney General Moloney has declined to begin proceedings against the Rock Island and Pacific railroad and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad for injunctions to restrain them from hereafter using First avenue in Rock Island for switching purposes. There was a large petition from citizens asking him to begin proceedings and a still larger one asking him not to.

Shot While Resisting an Officer.

DANVILLE, Ills., March 29.—W. H. Owens, city marshal of Paris, shot and killed James Gaines, a colored coal miner, at Grape Creek, near here. Gaines was under arrest for stealing an overcoat and some jewelry from Wallace Blackburn, of Paris. Gaines attempted to get the revolver away from Owens and the officer shot him to protect himself.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Fifty unemployed men at Boston presented petitions to the Massachusetts legislature demanding relief.

Mrs. Libby Weihl of Monroeville, O., recovered $1,800 damages for injuries received by a fall on a slippery sidewalk.

William R. Laidlaw's suit for $100,000 damages from Russell Sage has begun at New York.

Eleven Wisconsin towns have been asked to send delegates to Milwaukee next week to form a new base ball league.

F. Strock, a New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio baggageman, was injured, perhaps fatally, in a crossing collision at Niles, O.

Baltimore celebrated the 260th anniversary of the landing of Leonard Calvert.

When Jesse Haller went to McElmo Canyon, Col., to collect a debt from the Carpenter brothers one of them attacked him with an ax and Haller shot him dead.

By a vote of 31 to 5 the St. Paul chamber of commerce adopted resolutions urging congress to take prompt and final action on the tariff, and by quieting agitation bring about prosperity through the regained confidence in business affairs.

* * *

Thomas St. Clair, Herman Spark and John Hansen, held at San Francisco for murder, were detected in the work of tunneling through the walls of the jail.

Will Winchester filed a suit at Greensburg, Ind., against W. S. Woodhull for $12,000 damages from a dog bite.

Frank Saders, 9 years old, was killed by being run over by an engine at Paris, Ills.

The National Barbers' association is in session at Pittsburg with thirty delegates present.

John Hock accidentally shot and killed his 14-year-old son while hunting ducks near Waverly, Ia.

Albert Youel was crushed to death at Shadeland, O., by the chimney of his burning house falling on him.

Sherman Sullivan was arrested at Paragon, Ind., charged with robbing a safe.

Suicides: At Scotts, Mich., Joseph Cummings threw himself in front of a train. At Etna Green, Ind., Paul Perry by hanging; despondency. At Cincinnati, C. Kampfmueller, by poison; illness. At Edinburg, Ills., Cora Smith, by shooting.

* * *

On Memorial day the grave of John Boyle O'Reilly at Holyhood, near Boston, will be marked by a stone brought from his native place in Ireland.

Henry Scanlan of Carrollton, Pa., has just been elected to the office of justice of the peace for the tenth time. He is 78 years of age and at the expiration of the present term he will have served fifty years as justice.

It has developed at Owosso, Mich., that the adopted son of Mrs. C. Burpee, froze his feet, and was not injured by Mrs. Burpee's cruelty, as was first alleged. A further examination of the case will be held May 1.

William Sauntry, the lumberman of Stillwater, Minn., was held in $1,000 bail at Hudson, Wis., for unlawfully cutting 664,000 feet of government lumber.

The National Live Stock bank of Fort Worth, Tex., has been authorized to begin business; capital, $200,000.

Mrs. William Jamison died at Peru, Ind., from lockjaw caused by the extraction of a tooth.

* * *

Colonel A. J. Alexander has added $100,000 to the endowment fund for the establishment of a theological seminary in Louisville, Ky.

Representative Coffeen of Wyoming, a Democrat, bears such a striking resemblance to ex-President Harrison that he is jokingly addressed as "Ben" by many of his colleagues.

A. W. Dickerson, the defaulting cashier of the Cass County bank at Atlantic, Ia., secured a change of venue. His trial will probably be held in Shelby county.

The body of Charles Petrie, one of the four drowned at Holland, Mich., was found in Black lake.

In the Nice regatta the Britannia beat the Valkyrie fourteen minutes.

Two horsethieves were captured at Young's Crossing, I. T. They were with a gang and were only taken after a battle with United States officers lasting over an hour.

A hymn to Apollo, recently discovered at Delphi, was sung at Athens for the first time in 2,000 years. The royal family and cabinet were present.

The Alabama Republican state executive committee met and arranged for the state campaign.

* * *

Henry Davis, Jr., has been appointed receiver for the coal mining company at Edinburg, Ills.

Cecil Harrison of Greensburg, Ind., fell to the floor while at a dance and died the next morning. Death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease.

Austin Henderson of Homer, Ills., an anti-lirense town, was fined $500 for selling liquor; $80 was assessed against him on each count.

David Landus, aged 60, was found dead in his cabin near Virginia, Ills. He had been missing for a week.

Ora Hooley accidentally killed the 4-year-old daughter of Jacob Miller, a farmer, near Wooster, O., with a revolver he thought was not loaded.

The 3-year-old son of I. N. Cross of Oskaloosa, Ia., drank a half teacupful of concentrated lye and died within six hours.

George Barkus, whose clothes were saturated with gasoline and set on fire, died of his injuries at Columbus, Ind.

Blood Poisoning

"Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a briar, the wound from which soon developed into a running sore, between her knee and ankle. We tried medical skill on every side, with no effect. About a year ago she read of Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it herself, and while taking the first bottle she felt better and continued with it until today she is entirely cured and better than ever. The sore was healed up in seven weeks. Her health is perfect and sound." J. N. AUGHENBAUGH, Pittsburg, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, biliousness. 25c. Try a box.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 170 Dearborn-st.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 7, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
"A Old Kentucky

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
"[illegible]

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"In Old Kentucky

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Hoyt's [illegible]

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Judge Haut.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"Darkest Russia."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
Charles A. Gardner

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"The Ivy Leaf."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—
"The Pulse of New York"

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 1 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DEATH OF LE CARON, THE SPY.

The death of the infamous spy, Beach, alias Le Caron, who went back to England from this country to testify against Charles Stewart Parnell, in the *Times*-Commission case, is reported from London. He died of cancer—the most lingering and horrible of deaths, excepting, perhaps, death by savage torture. Many good men have died of the fell disease, and therefore, it would be illogical to ascribe Le Caron's fatal malady to the judgment of Heaven, but, certainly, no honest man, or woman, will regret the villain's death, or the manner of it. Beach, or LeCaron, came to this country early in the sixties and enlisted in the Federal army. He was in the cavalry as a trumpeter, and finally received promotion—the rank of lieutenant in a colored regiment if we do not mistake. Stationed for a time at Nashville, Tenn., he made the acquaintance of Capt. John O'Neill, subsequently the victor of Ridgeway, in Canada. LeCaron wormed himself into the confidence of the brave, but simple-minded, soldier, and when the latter became president of the "Canadian wing" of the Fenian organization, vice Col. W. R. Roberts, LeCaron was appointed one of the military organizers, with the rank of major.

He always pretended to be of French origin, although he could speak but little of the language, but his olive complexion, black eyes, and dapper appearance gave him the aspect of a son of Gaul. He boasted on the witness stand in London that he had been a spy in the pay of England, his native country, almost from the time of his arrival in this country, and during his examination, he claimed that his patriotism, as an Englishman, had more to do with his horrid calling than mere love of gold. Those who knew Le Caron in this country give him no credit for any feeling beyond that of a mercenary wretch, whose sole idol is money. He did his utmost to place the noose around Parnell's neck, but, like his ally, the London *Times*, he failed ignominiously. Since he revealed himself as an informer the fear of violent death haunted him day and night, according to English statements, and the mental depression produced by his guilty fear was, no doubt, a predisposing cause of the malady which terminated his ignoble career.

Le Caron was a man of considerable intellect, and had graduated both as a druggist and a doctor. He was, at one time, assistant physician at the Illinois State penitentiary at Joliet, and made his headquarters at Braidwood for many years. He was even "centre" of a Fenian "circle" at that place, and was also connected officially as senior guardian of a "camp" with a later phase of the movement. He took advantage of his official positions to furnish his employers, the English government, with important information of Irish movements in this country; but, strange to say, he was never even suspected of treachery—although he acknowledged having carried on an extensive correspondence, "under cover"—until he voluntarily revealed his true character, as already stated. The death of Beach, alias Le Caron, has rid the earth of a disgusting moral monster.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

At the Columbus Club banquet to Mr. William J. Onahan on Wednesday night, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland was one of the chief speakers, his subject being "The Catholic Layman." He was very happy in his remarks, and no sensible man, of whatever creed, could find any fault with what he said. The Archbishop is a timid Irish Nationalist, but he is bold on the subject of Catholic Americanism, and his views cannot fail to soften the most intense of anti-Catholic bigots. There is a great deal of political wisdom, as well as Catholic fervor in the following passages which we excerpt from the Archbishop's address:

"There is today a divine providential call for the action of the Catholic layman. The priests rejoice when they see the works and activity and intelligence that the laymen show. Their love for the church and their own liberty is known throughout the world. Each one in the church is a soldier and each one—layman, priest, bishop and pope—has a mission, and the sooner it is realized the better for the church. To do our work well today the priest must become more of a layman and the layman more of a priest. Acting under the divine message, 'Go and teach all nations,' every layman has care of his brother and of his brother's soul, and he who asks, 'Have I charge of my brother?' does not understand God's religion.

"America is, more than we realize, the land of individual liberty, and the work reserved for laymen is, first, to personify each in himself, the church, working out in his daily life the worth that is in him. Be each one an apostle and a martyr, and the people will see you and admire you. Be models in private and in civic life; the country requires honest and sincere citizens, and civic virtue will attract attention. Our Republic leans on the moral conduct of citizens and unfortunately many there are who put before their civic conduct their individual interests. Deposit in the ballot box a true and an honest ballot for the country and the country alone.

"Regarding the Catholic layman in civic life, let it be said that no power on earth can turn him from what is right. Laymen should know well their religion, for only through intelligence can men become Christians. Study well the interests of church and state; you must be the first in all good works and you must not confine yourself to Catholic organizations. Unite with everybody that you can unite with on the platform of good morals and good citizenship. You need in this great opportunity only intelligence, good will and energy. If the ten millions of Catholics in the United States were worthy of their name what an impression they would make. When God gives you talent use it in every possible way. If you can write, exert your influence through the press for everything that is good. If you can speak, speak for truth and virtue, and if you have the ability to be leaders create and execute good work for the interests of your fellow man."

ORANGE BRAG AND BUNKUM.

Lord Rosebery, in his speech at Edinburgh, denied that he said in the house of lords that the peers were right when they dismissed the home rule bill, because a preponderating majority of the English members were opposed to it. "The United Kingdom, and not the English portion of it, is the constitutional arbiter on home rule," he said, "and the representatives of the United Kingdom, in parliament assembled, have given home rule a clear majority of forty-one votes."

"Last week at a blood-and-iron, no-compromise, thunder-and-flame meeting of the vigilance committee of the Ulster Convention League, these fanatics issued a manifesto and condemned most emphatically the premier's speech in Edinburgh, in which he made the above patriotic declaration. They were glorifying him a week before the unpatriotic allegations which he was falsely alleged to have made in the house of lords. They say that the vigilance committee have observed that some of the statements made by the premier in the capital of Scotland excited their utter astonishment. Lord Rosebery, who had posed and attitudinized as their champion, had basely betrayed them. They express their confidence that England will never desert them in the hour of need. Vain hope, for England is powerless before the majority votes of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The Watch committee solemnly affirm that nothing short of the exercise of overwhelming physical force of the United Empire will ever be able to impose on Ulster a tyranny so mischievous and so hateful as home rule would imply. Lord Rosebery, they add, is apparently unaware of the existence of the Ulster Defense Union, a body consisting of six hundred elected members chosen from a register of 170,000 men of Ulster—otherwise he would never have dared to have uttered that dastardly speech at Edinburgh. Vain threats, which will glide down Rosebery's back as the rain glides down the back of a duck! The premier's Edinburgh speech threw a wet blanket around the carcasses of these Orange fanatics, and froze their West British enthusiasm.

The conclusion of the manifesto says that these 170,000 Billyites are enrolled in defense of the legislative union, and declare to the people of Great Britain their conviction that should the attempt be made to set up such a parliament, it will inevitably result in disorder, violence and bloodshed such as have not been experienced in that country. The idiot who wrote this blatherskite and balderdash was the bogie-man who used to frighten children in Ireland long ago with his

"Fee-faw-fum!—
I smell the smell of an Irishmun!
I'll have his bones
As my stepping-stones,
And make of his skull my drum—
Bum! Bum!! Bum!!!"

Seriously speaking, however, we would like to know why these Orange rowdies should demand special privileges under a home rule parliament. These adventurers are mostly of Scottish descent. Their ancestors, thanks to that mean Scotchman, James I of England, received the title-deeds of the entire of Ulster, thus depriving the Irish Catholics, who were the original owners of the soil, of their vast estates. The only titles the Presbyterians of the Ulster of today have to the soil of Ulster, are the rights of confiscation and plunder, of murder and massacre, of lust and conquest.

MAJOR "BILLY" NEVANS.

Major William Nevans, who died in this city last week, was a most remarkable character, in many ways. He served throughout the Mexican war, as well as that of the Rebellion, and was known as a first-class military musician from one end of the country to the other. If the Major ever had political or party predilections nobody discovered them. He was perfectly impartial in his capacity of bandmaster. In the old Fenian days he used to march at the head of his band, marking time for "Patrick's Day in the Morning" or "The Wearing of the Green." On Queen Victoria's birthday he would, just as enthusiastically, direct the measure of "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the Queen." On July 12, he would perform the same function for the Orangemen, and "The Boyne Water" was made to echo through our streets, like the death shriek of Marshal Schomberg on "July the First in Oldbridge Town." When the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile came around, on July 14, he used to time the music of the "Marsellaise Hymn," and, on the anniversary of the German Emperor's birthday, the martial strains of "Die Wacht Am Rhein" suffered nothing at Major Billy's hands. He was everybody's friend, and everybody was his friend, including the president of the St. Andrew's Society, whom he often stirred to fighting mood by his rendition of "Scots Wha Hae." Poor old Major Billy! He was one of Chicago's landmarks, like Long John Wentworth, Frank Lombard and Carter Harrison. There are not many like him left.

THE UNFORTUNATE WOMEN WHO ATTEND OLD VIC'S LEVEE.

They are to be pitied—those so-called high-born dames of English society, who have to wait for hours in mid-winter in unheated carriages, drawn up in rank and file, for the privilege of entering Buckingham Palace, to assist at her Britannic majesty's levee. In the first place much of the bosom and both of the shoulders of this fair but foolish victim are practically bare of covering; for it is exacted of her by royal etiquette to come in none other than ball costume. The poor creature shivers in the icy cold clasp of her jewelry, that hugs the nakedness of the upper portion of her body, and in at least twenty per cent of cases she catches a case of pneumonia from which she seldom escapes death. Old Vic can have no pity in her hard heart, to exact such pains and penalties from those servile ladies who have come to pay worship at her august(?) shrine.

There are other dames, chiefly antique pieces of crockery-ware in the female cupboard, yclept dowager duchess, who have learned by experience the art of encasing their scrawny necks, flat bosoms, and angular shoulders in warm woolen garments which no one can see, for the blinds of the carriage are discreetly drawn, and the eyes of the Queen's detectives cannot fall on this gross violation of the royal code. These faded beauties of the past are wise in their generation. The unfortunates, who expose themselves unselfishly to the "rulgah gaze—don't you know," waiting for admittance into Buckingham Palace, have to sit patiently for hours, and be stared at by a candid crowd of loafers. The *St. James' Gazette*, writing up a recent levee, made some remarks of one young lady who sat alone in the brougham with a superb collar of brilliants encircling her shapely neck, who appeared rather nervous at the attentions of humble admirers whose noses were flattened against the windows of her carriage. Several wags in the crowd said that it was "a jolly sight—much jollier than h'anything you might see at Madame Tussaud's!" One innovation provoked a good deal of amusement among the loafers. A carriage, which bore no heraldic emblems, and had about it the suspicious flavor of the livery stables, was freighted with a well-fitted hamper in addition to its pretty occupants. Just in front of the palace windows a footman jumped off the box, and proceeded to uncork a bottle of champagne—to the great envy of the chattering crowd whose palates were parched for thirst sight of that genial and effervescent liquid.

These be the revelries that go on outside the Buckingham Palace. When the invited guests, however, succeed in crossing its gilded vestibule into the hallway, the crush becomes so abominable that women faint, trains of satin dresses are trodden pitilessly under foot by the boots of elegant cavaliers, lovely arms get bruised and otherwise maimed, and splendid coiffures are disarranged in the general melee. Is not this a sorry evidence of the bad taste and the ungentlemanly manners that prevail among the male element of the British aristocracy? The whole levee is a complete farce, or rather a tragedy for the women who assist at it. The London Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to interest itself in the welfare of these cruelly treated, ill-used creatures who return from the Queen's levee scarred and bruised, with torn trains and bedraggled garments.

THREATS TO KILL THE QUEEN.

At the Central Criminal Court last week Harry Wyndham Carter was indicted for having unlawfully sent a letter to Sir Henry Ponsonby, threatening to assassinate Mrs. Wettin. Mr. Matthews, for the prosecution, said the letter complained of was undoubtedly a threat to murder her majesty. The prisoner was at one time confined in Hoxton Asylum, but escaped on Dec. 23 of last year, and remained away till Jan. 22 of this year. Proceeding, counsel said accused was undoubtedly insane. Two of his illusions were that he is being kept out of his title, and that he was entitled to the modest figure of seven million pounds sterling. He appears to have associated the little old lady of Windsor with his fancied wrongs. He said she would not take the wrongful title of Duke from him of Westminster, and that he, Carter, being the rightful heir of the old duke, should now be the owner of half of London! Medical evidence given at the police court to show that the accused was now a dangerous lunatic, was repeated. It was urged for the defense that the authorship of this letter had not been definitely traced to the accused; but he was nevertheless found guilty, and the court ordered his detention during her majesty's pleasure.

Cranks only, have ever attempted to assassinate Mrs. Wettin. No Irish patriot ever dreamt of hurting the head of this poor old defenseless woman. THE CITIZEN remembers that Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa on one occasion wrote in one of the editorials of his paper, the *United Irishman*, to the effect that if he saw the grey-haired sovereign drowning in the waters of the Liffey, he did not know if he would not tear off his jacket and jump in and save her! As Rossa is the type of the Irishman who hates and detests the English the most, he would be gallant towards a lady, although he may still detest the sovereign politically.

MORE DIVISIONS IN THE RANKS OF THE M'CARTHYITES.

[*Communicated.*]

The gentlemen who are supposed to be under the nominal leadership of Justin McCarthy, should be warned that Irish-America will not tolerate to any extent much further their insensate feuds and factions. Irish-Americans might, in fact, under these distressing circumstances, wheel around in support of the Parnellites, who, though a small party, are yet, nevertheless, united to a man. Though they be only nine in number, they have more strength in their unity than the worthless ropes of sand of which the McCarthyite party is composed. If the English Radicals and the moderate Liberals are at each others' throats at the present moment, that is no reason why Irish representatives should copy such a pernicious example. In fact, on the contrary, they ought to take advantage of it by appearing before the English public a solid, united phalanx in direct contrast to the divided councils of the representatives of their own nation.

The following official account of the three days' secret conclave of the McCarthyite party will be read with shame and humiliation by every truly patriotic Irishman:

"LONDON, March 25.—The three days' session of the McCarthyite section of the Irish party in parliament, which closed yesterday, resulted in a victory for the Dillon faction, and, while the outcome has healed some old wounds, it has undoubtedly created new feuds.

"The principal object of the conference and discussion was to choose a new advisory committee of eight to act with Justin McCarthy, chairman of the Irish parliamentary party.

"The new committee elected is as follows: Justin McCarthy, chairman; Edward Blake, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, Timothy Healy, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor and Timothy D. Sullivan.

"Arthur O'Connor was deposed, both as secretary and committeeman. William Abraham was chosen to fill his place as secretary, and T. D. Sullivan was elected in his stead as a member of the committee. Florence O'Driscoll, the anti-Parnellite whip, was also dropped as a candidate for re-election to the committee.

"The opposition to O'Connor and O'Driscoll was based on the speeches they made during their visit to the United States some time ago, which, it was claimed, were hostile to the interests of the party, but it appears that the speeches in question were really more hostile to the interests of Dillon and O'Brien, whose influence was potent to oust them from their respective positions at yesterday's meeting.

"A great deal of bad feeling has been engendered, and several members of the Healyite faction left London for Ireland last night, after giving several exhibitions of their anger and disappointment. Of the Healyite section of the party, Timothy Healy himself is the only one remaining on the committee.

"The *Times* says this morning: 'The original Dillonite plan was to augment the committee by nominating T. J. Condon and David Sheehy in the hope of excluding Arthur O'Connor, but the division on the re-election of Florence O'Driscoll was so close it was deemed expedient to compromise matters, with the result that T. D. Sullivan was elected to replace Arthur O'Connor on the committee, and the question of augmenting the committee was dropped.

"'Mr. Sullivan was formerly regarded as a Healyite, but since he has been nominated by the Dillonites it is suspected that he has been won over to their side.

"'The Healyites regard the whole business as an attempt to diminish their influence in the party councils, but, believing that the Irish electors are with them, several of them intend to resign their seats in parliament with the object of securing a popular verdict in favor of their action.'"

What a wretched exhibition these men are making of themselves—washing their dirty family linen before the eyes of the giggling Tories. What an ignoble display of petty malice and contemptible jealousy. Oh! for the iron might of a hand that is gone—which would by its potentiality crush out all these bickerings, and unite in one solid band the most diverse of the warring factions; but, alas! that hand moulders in the dust beneath a flower-crowned grave in Glasnevin cemetery. The hand, and the heart, and the commanding head were driven to death by the very people and party he had made a sole unit—powerful enough to dictate the broadest possible measure of Home Rule to Mr. Gladstone at whose instigation they basely betrayed the indomitable chieftain who was leading them on to liberty as surely, if not as valiently, as Owen Roe O'Neill charged at the head of his conquering troops on the Anglo-Saxon horde on the glorious battlefield of Benburb.

Now, the Irish people must be suffering cruel remorse for their unwitting ingratitude. They were at first almost unanimously disposed to support him even after he failed to have himself acquitted in the divorce court. Deaneries of priests voted for his continuance in the leadership, on the plea that he was an exceptionable man, whose services to Ireland were positively indispensable to her triumph. Tim Healy, John A. Barry and others were quite enthusiastic on the question of Parnell's leadership. Then, when Gladstone publicly proclaimed, "I cannot work with such a man," the bishops and priests almost to a man—there were, however, thank God, some honorable exceptions among the clergy—and the vast majority of the Irish parliament swallowed their own words, and voted Parnell's deposition. The latter stultified themselves most scandalously; for after the divorce court proceedings they met and unanimously proclaimed Parnell their chairman for the coming year. Next week a majority of these men traitorously abandoned his fortunes. The Irish people in certain sections of the country were blinded to the real issue of the crisis by the priests who dragged religion into the issue, and by the vile and abominable calumnies of that spiteful dwarf, Healy. Dublin, Waterford, Galway and Clare stood loyally by the chief to the death, and redeemed to a certain extent the honor of Ireland.

Reverting to the three days' sitting of the McCarthyites, it shows now who the real factionists are. The McCarthyite press has been dinning in the ears of the Irish people the fact—if fact it be—that the Parnellites were factionists. Now the tables are turned, and the Parnellites can laugh in their sleeves, for by a curious turn of the wheel of fortune, the McCarthyites at present ought to be dubbed the "factionists." D.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Hattie Blaine, youngest daughter of the late James G Blaine, to Mr. Troxton Beale. The future bridegroom was minister to Greece under Harrison's administration. One of his sisters is married to John R. McLean of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Mr. Beale has a promising future before him.

THERE is no date as yet fixed for the introduction of the Evicted Tenants' bill into the house of commons; but it is certain that the Registration bill and the Miners' Eight-Hours Labor bill will precede it. That will leave the Evicted Tenants' measure to the fag end of the session in the torrid month of August, when honorable members are flying to the seaside. These unfortunate evicted tenants are to be pitied.

A LETTER has been discovered, written by Lord Rosebery some years ago, in which he objected to the creation of five hundred peers to swamp the Tory majority in the house of lords. In the first place, he said that Queen Victoria, with her decidedly anti-Irish prejudices, would never sign the decrees of any premier who would request her to create so many peers, and no peers can be created without her consent. Secondly—but this is a minor reason—the new peers, proud of their newly fledged honors, could not be depended on to vote their own political extinction. It was Rosebery's belief at that period that it would take an armed revolution somewhat on the lines of Cromwell's to abolish the upper chamber of England.

A CANDIDATE for membership in the Carleton club of London must sign a declaration, attested by two members, that the aspiring member is a genuine radical Tory of the good old school. This condition was dispensed with in the case of William Waldorff Astor, as he was well known to have antediluvian views on Anglo-Irish politics.

A DUBLIN dispatch dated April 3 says: "Several hundred delegates had arrived to attend the patriotic convention called by John E. Redmond and other members of the home rule party for the purpose of considering existing political conditions and the policy that should be adopted by the supporters of Irish independence. The convention opened on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Redmond has issued a stirring address, urging the necessity of immediate organization and of unanimity of action to the end that the Irish movement may not be forced to the background or once more trodden under foot. Among other things he says: 'The solemn words of warning which we recently addressed to you have been justified more speedily than we anticipated. The premier's first official declaration proves the correctness of our judgment in cautioning you to place no blind confidence in his cabinet. The position of our cause is rendered still more perilous by the slavish silence of the majority of the Irish representatives and their action in parliament in first voting closure of our criticism of the government policy, and then giving their votes directly in support of the Irish administration and its policy of eviction, house-burning prosecutions and jury-packing. No crisis so grave has arisen in the history of Ireland since the death of our late chief. We feel it to be our first duty to appeal to you for consultation and guidance. We draw no narrow distinction which would exclude men who recognize the national danger and are willing to share in the endeavor to avert it.'"

THE *Freeman's Journal*, under its new administration, is doomed to death. The immense financial disasters that overwhelmed it in 1833 will crush it; while the Parnellite *Independent* is waxing fat on the pauperism of its rival. The McCarthyites will soon have no organ of their political creed in the capital of the Irish nation.

THE London Indian office has received a dispatch from the Earl of Elgin, viceroy and governor-general of India, confirming the reports of the disaster to the British column, in the Abor territory, under the command of Captain Maxwell. The attack was of course a complete surprise to the marauding Britisher, and the subsequent battle was brief and decisive. The Guards fought under cover as long as possible, but were slaughtered to a man by the valiant Aborites whom THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates on the glorious charge they made on the dastardly invader. The English had no business to go into this country to root up, like swine, the seeds of corn just planted by the natives in that fertile land. The Englishman thinks that no one should have bread but himself. The selfish animal! He was just well served right, and no one will have pity on England's butchered dead in that far-off foreign land.

THE London *Central News* says that the Hon. C. Villiers, father of the house of commons, while at the Wellington Club recently, was suddenly seized with a fainting fit. His condition was found to be grave. Villiers is several years older than Gladstone.

STRANGE—is it not?—that Gladstone did not deliver a valedictory address to his admirers in Britain and Ireland on his withdrawal from office. Some such declaration was superlatively necessary. Instead of this he gave up the seals of office without saying anything. A simple visit to old Vic., and he was no longer a premier. He would have made a dramatic effect if he had publicly declared his retirement for reasons of growing infirmities; but evidently William Waldorf spoiled everything by his inconveniently premature announcement. Gladstone was, it is said, highly wrath when it was wired to him to Biarritz.

THE Shah has been publishing a dairy, giving his impressions of his visit to England. His Majesty called Joe Chamberlain the Duke of Chamberlain. Well, if he is not a "dook" he ought to be. He wonders at the Englishman's fetichistic worship of Her Majesty. "Why, they do not worship me half so much in Persia," he observed. There is a flutter in every European royal dovecot, for the news has spread that he intends visiting the courts of Europe next year with his new "Shining Star," a beautiful blonde, and a whole bevy of fascinating concubines. How will the very moral European potentates receive their virtuous brother? The apartments which the Shah and his dirty retinue occupied in an off wing of Windsor had to be fumigated after their departure, the stench they left behind them was so foul. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what horrid grievances must suffer if one happens to be a European royalty under such conditions.

THE GREEN AND GOLD.

Who quails at the frown of power, who talks of a hopeless land?
There's hope for the daring ever, and strength for the willing hand;
There light in our grand old banner, and glory in every fold;
Then down with the might of tyrants, and up with the green and gold!

The scorn of the stranger nations, you've long in the dust been trod;
You've bent to the lash with patience, and looked thro' your tears to God;
You whine to the Lord of Armies, who smiles on the brave and bold,
But strike, and His strength will aid you to raise up the green and gold.

Work, work, for the days are fleeting, e'en now may your chance be nigh;
And oh, if your hands are folded, how swiftly the time will fly!
The wreath of the victor never was seized by the dull or old,
'Tis ceaseless and strong endeavor must raise up the green and gold,

Up, up, for our grand old island! On, on! with the world advance!
Dash into the sea her fetters; she'll leap from her death-like trance.
Bring light to the homes long dreary, and hope to the hearts now cold;
Then down with the might of tyrants, and up with the green and gold,

You sleep while the lands are waking, and stand while they're marching on;
You dream while they fold their armor, and stoop while their rights are won.
Success is the meed of labor, and grasped by the true and bold;
Then toil for the fall of tyrants, the rise of the green and gold

O men! if your hearts are earnest and true as your hands are strong,
Ring out to the world around you the knell of the reign of wrong.
Brave bells are the flame-tongued cannon —on them let that knell be tolled.
Down, down with the might of tyrants, and up with the green and gold.

UNA.

IRISH NEWS.

On the 16th ult. Capt. James Tobin, master of the Clyde Shipping Company's tug Flying Fish, accidentally shot and killed James Murphy, a fireman on his tug. Efforts are being made by the merchants of Queenstown to raise a purse for Murphy's family.

At Garlinge, near Margate, on Tuesday, March 20, Sarah Tucker, a widow, killed her two children and attempted to kill herself.

Galway is greatly in need of additional means of employment for her working classes. It has been decided that a woolen mill would be of great benefit, and the energetic citizens of that town have gone about the establishment of one in an enthusiastic manner. A meeting was recently convened by the lord bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, who addressed the meeting in a very eloquent and impressive speech, urging the necessity of providing employment for the working classes. He dwelt upon the advantages of a woolen factory, and the facilities enjoyed in the locality for its establishment. He alluded to the success of the woolen factory in Ballaghadereen, and believed they should be equally successful in Galway. He announced that he should take 300 shares in the company which is to be constituted at £1 shares. The secretary read a list of 400 shares taken by the members of the Temperance Society. The following names were also given into the secretary: Father Greaven, 50 shares; Dr. Grealy, 100; Prof. Steinberger, 100; Lydon Brothers, 100; Mr. Mullery, 50; and many others for smaller amounts. At the conclusion of the meeting the lord bishop announced that £1,658 had been subscribed.

A Cork dispatch says that a boy about 15 years of age, named Edmund O'Brien, was found hanging from the rafters in his father's workshop at Kyrl's quay. It is thought he committed suicide.

The *Independent* of the 7th ult contains the following account of the death of County Court Judge Purcell: At an early hour yesterday morning Judge Purcell, who for twenty years filled the office of county court judge of Limerick, succumbed to an acute heart affection at his residence, 71 Harcourt street. Judge Purcell was an able lawyer, and highly esteemed in legal circles. During the stirring period of 1865 in Ireland he was engaged for the defense in some of the Fenian trials. Early in that year he was appointed Queen's counsel, and in 1874 he was selected as county court judge and chairman of quarter sessions for Limerick and Queen's county. During his long term of office as county court judge he earned a high reputation. In private life he was courteous and amiable, and made numbers of strong personal friends.

The sixteenth annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has just been issued. It shows that in 1882 the number of pupils who passed in Irish in the National Schools was 17; in 1883 only 25; 93 in 1884; 161 in 1885, and in 1886 the number was 321. By 1890 it had risen to 531. Then there was a slight falling off, and 1891 and 1892 each recorded the same number, 515; in 1893 the number rose to 609. The statistics of passes on the intermediate programme are also encouraging. In 1884 they were 66; since then they have continued to increase; last year they rose to 379, and the council are sanguine, now that, in compliance with their request, Irish has been placed on the preparatory grade, after the present year, there will be a very large accession of Celtic students to those already on the rolls of the intermediate commissioners. In the July examinations of 1893 thirteen teachers presented themselves as candidates for certificates of competency to give instruction in Irish for results fees. Twelve were successful, and the examining reports that most of these can read Irish fluently, and are able to converse in it freely. One of the successful candidates was a lady, Miss Mary Judge, of Shanavaghera Female School, Mayo. The number of the society's publications sold last year was 6,996, making a total sold since the establishment of the society of 115,291 books, and this does not include the sales of the re-issue of the society's publications in America by American publishers at their own risk, but with the sanction of the society. A new edition of the "Third Irish Book" has been issued, containing programmes of the primary, intermediate, and university examinations up to date, and it is announced that the "Fate of the Children of Uisneach," one of the greatest of our old Celtic romances, will be issued immediately, the text and translation being now in the hands of the publication committee.

Mr. Charles Daly, J.P., Coleraine, died March 10, aged 72 years. He was the head of the old established seed and nursery firm of Daly & Son.

RECENT DEATHS—The following death notices appear in our Irish exchanges:

At her residence, 14 North Richmond street, Dublin, Mrs. Sherlock, wife of Thomas Sherlock, T.C.

At Loretto Convent, Balbriggan, Mar. 5, Katie, daughter of the late Patrick Bracken, of Kilcock, county Kildare.

Martin Costigan, aged 80 years, died March 5 at his residence, Coote street, Mountrath, Queen's county.

Patrick Kilroe, aged 28 years, at his mother's residence, Church street, Roscommon.

Mrs. Alicia Fagan, wife of Patrick Fagan, 23 Royal Canal, Dublin.

Lawrence Kelly, aged 77 years, at his residence, Castletown, Geoghegan, Westmeath.

Luke Toole, at his son's residence, 27 Cullenswood, Ranelagh.

Mrs. Rosina Doyle, aged 94, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Kelly, Rathrush, county Carlow. She was the mother of the late Very Rev. James Doyle, P.P., Athy.

Mrs. Mary Kelly, widow of the late John Kelly, at Mountain View House, Blackrock, Dundalk.

Brother James Maguire, S.J., aged 70 years, at St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardner street, Dublin.

Owen Byrne, at his residence, Smith's cottages, Marlborough road, Dublin; formerly of Wicklow.

Mrs. Rosanna Murray, aged 28 years, daughter of the late William Roche, 28 Braithwaite street, Dublin.

Mrs. Anne Taaffe, aged 84, at 50 Upper George's street, Kingstown; relict of the late James Taaffe, Piersefield, Bunbrusna, county Westmeath.

Mrs. Nano Walsh, wife of P.F. Walsh, at Tallow, county Waterford.

William Bourke, aged 74, at his residence, Queen street, Dublin.

Football in Ireland.

Those among our countrymen who take an interest in football—and that there are very many of them was conclusively demonstrated at Lansdowne road a fortnight ago—have now a sound source of satisfaction from Ireland's victory over Wales at Belfast on Saturday. This triumph was the consummation of the Irish footballers' continuous efforts for the past twenty years to achieve what is known among their craft as the triple crown, that is, to beat all the other three nations in succession during the same season. Wales did this last year, but in a very "scratchy" sort of way, barely beating Ireland on Welsh soil. To commence this season the ex-victorious Cambrians met England and got very badly beaten by something like ten scores. This was a sweet outlook for Ireland, whose representatives were next engaged to meet the Englishmen in England's capital, London, but with the worst of the luck they kept of good hearty cheer and won a virtually lost match in the last minute. On the same day Scotland met Wales at Edinburgh, and an Irishman, Mr. Fitzgerald, won the match for Wales. Then the Scotchmen came to Dublin, and were beaten, after a magnificent match, in the last five minutes, Mr. Lyttle, of Belfast, making his second score by kicking the goal off a try which Mr. Wells secured, although suffering from a dislocated shoulder. Mr. Lyttle proved again reliable last Saturday in kicking a goal under great disadvantages, and so deserves especial recognition. In this connection also it is gratifying to be able to record that all classes of sportsmen, many of whom were not quite in touch with the code under which the match was played, combined to patronize it just the same as at Lansdowne road, and it is a satisfactorily significant fact that over five hundred golfers postponed important contests to attend this one. People may differ on many matters, but there are very few Irishmen who will deny that as long as Ireland gets ahead in any pursuit when opposed to another country the individuals who successfully assist her are deserving of cordial credit. Therefore, to Mr. Forrest, the captain of the team, and his comrades, we offer our best congratulations. They have deserved well of their country.—*Daily Independent, March 12.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Sandow, the modern Hercules, in his extraordinary feats of strength, is the sensation of the city this week at the Schiller theatre. Next week, commencing Monday evening, "Juggernaut." This is a great dramatic novelty of exceedingly strong emotional power. It illustrates some familiar phases of American life of today, and is marked by intensely striking situations. Manager Prior will present "Juggernaut" next Monday evening with a superbly strong cast, and splendidly dressed and staged. The piece affords two extraordinarily strong and original characters, for the two principal artists—the accomplished leading man, Mr. John E. Kellerd, who will be remembered for his finished Oliver St. Aubyn in "The Crust of Society," and Miss Mary Shaw, a highly accomplished actress, who made such a decided hit at Mc Vicker's as the star in "A Drop of Poison." The story of "Juggernaut" is entirely original, and of absorbing interest, and its dramatic development is of exceptional power. The scenes of the drama are laid in Cairo, Ill., and in Washington, D.C. In the course of the play the notoriously corrupt whisky ring is truthfully touched upon—not that the play is political, except in its incidental relations. The story treats of the life of a man and woman who are torn apart by this "Juggernaut" of today—the craze for money—until, just on the brink of the abyss of ruin their domestic peace is restored by the most human of all means —the power of love. The leading role of the "money mad" politician and speculator gives to Mr. John E. Kellerd an opportunity which tests his great dramatic powers. It is a part of terrific force, and yet one of the most sublime tenderness.

The organization of the opera created for the special summer season of favorite light and comic operas at the Schiller theatre, is getting along well. Manager Prior has already secured some exceptionally strong principals, artists who are recognized public favorites in the leading theatres of the country.

No play in late seasons has been received in Chicago with more interest than was accorded Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Schiller during its three weeks' stay last autumn. A return engagement of two weeks will begin April 30.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riff, Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

A h-aithle na m-briathar sin thógbhadar na seólta sualthnighe, solusmhara, snaith-fhada, agus na bréide réidhe, ró-áille; agus do ghabhadar ag taisdiol na mara mhór, an-shuaighte go ceann tri lá agus teóra oidhche, agus a námhuid agus a n-easchais. .i. Lomnochtain Sléibhe Rife, mar eólaidhe aca. Agus a g-ceann na rae agus na h-aimsire sin do chidh taobh taithneamhach tire, agus fosga áluinn oilean agus dán riogha ró-mhaiseach air a g-cómhair; agus tigid a d-tir 'san oilean, achd Conán amháin d'fhan 'san loing, óir nior bh'áil leis a raibh de bhiadhaibh saors so-chaithmhe agus de dheochaibh milse innti d'fhágbháil 'nna dhiaigh gan ithe. Gabhas ag ithe agus ag ól air a dhithchioll.

Dála an ochtair eile, tigid do'n dán le Lom. Agus air n-dul asteach dóibh ann, budh thógbháil sgis, agus meirneachais de lucht galair agus easláinte bheith ag sgrádadh agus ag fiorfhéachaint an ghéals ró-áluinn, allmhúraidhe, agus a fuinneóga fairsinge, fior-áluinn, agus a ballaidhe breaca, bórd-sleamhna, agus gach aoibhneas eile budh mhaith le súil daonna. Agus ni bh-fuaradar rómpa astigh acht an chailleach enapchuisllonnach, cruadh-chnámhach; agus budh h-úrghrána d'fhearaibh agus de mhnáibh an domhain í, óir budh cosamhuil le rinn sleighe slinngheur gach aon fhiacal d'á raibh ann a mór-bheul. Agus budh nimhnighe na muing mór-chappaill gach ruibe d'á malaidh mongfhada, agus uaill na rachaidis curaidhe agus calthmhilidhe a sgéan agus a n-angheailtachas le n-a h-urghráine. Agus do bhi ann a-fochair an macaoimh mallrosgach, múinte, mórdha, macánta, módhamhail, matseach, minrialta mná fá h-áile deilbh agus deunamh d'fhearaibh nó de mhnáibh an domhain go h-iomlán, agus nior gelneadh air dhruim talmhan ariamh neach dá chruaidhe a chroidhe do dhearcfadh a dreach fiorálainn, agus a folt cuachbhuidhe agus a ciocha cruinne mar lilí nó sneachta aoigheal aon oidhche, nach d-tuitfeadh a searc agus a sior-ghrádh léi, agus i 'nna suidhe air chathaoir óir aithléighte agus iomad carbuncel ró-shoilleach air an g-cathaoir óir sin, a m-breácht an domhain 'nna suige .i. Ingean Ioleáin sléibhe Riffe, mar is follus 'san trácht so shios.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THE ANCIENT ORDER.

Div. 5 and Its Friends Have an Enjoyable Time.

The first annual reception and ball of Division No. 5, A.O.H., which took place at Apollo Hall, Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue, on Saturday evening, March 31, was the occasion of a most notable gathering of West Side Irish Nationalists, accompanied by their wives and sweethearts. Div. 5 being but recently organized, and this being the first venture of the kind undertaken by them, some doubts were expressed as to its success; but those who doubted were evidently unacquainted with the kind of material of which the membership of this division is composed.

The splendid hall was crowded with happy Irish lads and lasses, who participated in the festivities with the utmost enjoyment; and everything that would add to their comfort or pleasure was ably looked after by the very efficient committees in charge. The president, Patrick Coghlan, was fairly ubiquitous in his endeavors to please the guests and promote the success of the entertainment, and in his efforts was ably assisted by Treasurer John Beegan. At midnight the guests adjourned to the banquet room, where an elaborate supper was served, of which they partook to their hearts' content. In dispensing refreshments Dan Gannon was a host in himself, and was ably assisted by J. J. Geraghty, William Burke, Michael Martin, T. O'Sullivan, P. O'Sullivan and others, while "Tim" Cullinane filled the position of cashier with his usual accuracy and dispatch.

The floor committee consisted of Jas. J. Brennan, chief; Capt. William Martin, assistant chief; Edward M. O'Reilly, James McCarthy, and M. O'Connell. On the reception committee were Ed Mulraney, chairman; J. J. Mahony, Hugh K. Jordan, M. R. Grady, Robert Ambrose, John F. Gainty, Edward J. McGeeney.

Among others present were noticed Messrs. and Mesdames Daniel Coghlan, William Gleeson, John Sheeley, J. J. Geraghty, Barney Shields, William Martin, John Beegan, James O'Callaghan, Terence Sheeley, William Cronin: Mrs. P. J. Cotter, Mrs. M. Wallbank. Messrs. J. J. Mahoney, John Dowling, Hugh K. Jordan, James J. Brennan, Timothy Cullinane, George Hanson, John Sullivan, T. O'Shea, P. J. Miniter, Patrick Geraghty, Thomas E. Collins, James McCarthy, Edward M. O'Reilly, Captain Michael Punch, M. R. Grady, Daniel Gannon, Michael O'Connell, Robert Ambrose, T. D. O'Sullivan, John F. Gainty, Michael McCarthy, Patrick O'Mahony, Michael Creed, Patrick Morris, Patrick Golden, Patrick Walsh, Ed Mulraney, P. J. Cassels, Edward Gannon, Peter Gallagher, William Burke, Jeremiah O'Mahony, John Quinn, Patrick Organ, Thomas Naughton, Patrick O'Sullivan, Wm. Gleeson, Jr., Patrick Gleeson, M. Garry, P. Melvin, C. E. Nolan, Thomas H. Kelly, Dr. Lynch, J. O'Rourke, Ald. John Powers, Thomas L. Monaghan, John Bell. Misses Nellie Harris, Maggie Richardson, Mamie Harris, Anastasia Gleeson, Annie Gleeson, Mollie Daly, Bridget Dunn, Mamie McCarthy, Annie Whelan, Kittie Murphy, the Misses Kerrigan, Carrie McTamney, Mamie O'Brien, Mary O'Reilly, Delia Bowler, Miss Nelson, Barrett, Richardson, Smith, Mahony, Bridget O'Toole, Kate McCarthy, Nellie O'Keefe, Maggie O'Donnell, Rose McGovern, Alice Barrett, Julia Lynch, Nora Coghlan, Ellen Coghlan,

FOR THE CITIZEN.

PALINGENESIS.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

I opened wide the window of my soul
And let God's golden sunflow enter there;
Sin's vapors were displaced and the pure air
Reigned in that room long dedicate to dole;
Fresh as the first rich chrismal kiss of spring
Its power touched me and there did expand
To larger bounds that chamber; I did stand
In it and heard voluminous organing
Twined by a million minstrel-voices flung
In one almighty hymn; then clear and strong
Striding above the billows of that song
These bugled words pealed forth and overrung;
"New life begins; quench thine availing tears
And bravely breast the dominating years."

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

An Audience of the Best People on the Face of the Earth Listen to John F. Finerty at West Superior, Wis.

[*West Superior Evening Telegram, March 19.*]

Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, the well-known Irish-American statesman, author and newspaper man addressed 1,800 people in Maryland hall last night. The lecture was given under the auspices of the A. O. H. The stage was neatly trimmed with the Stars and Stripes and green bunting. Side by side with the American colors the flag of the Emerald Isle was hung. The audience included every nationality and every creed in the city. Muhlbaur's orchestra furnished several selections. At 8:30 John H. Vaughn, in a few well chosen remarks, presented Mr. Finerty to the audience. He was greeted with hearty applause. The speaker is a robust man, powerful in physique and with a soldierly bearing and a determined appearance that would distinguish him in any gathering. He delivered his remarks in a clear, unfaltering voice, and they could easily be heard by those in the remote parts of the hall. Mr. Finerty was frequently interrupted by applause, and loud demonstrations greeted the speaker at the conclusion of his discourse.

[*Superior Leader, March 20.*]

Maryland hall was filled with Catholics, Protestants, infidels and A. P. A.'s last Sunday night to hear John F. Finerty, of Chicago, the ablest Irishman in the Republican party and the Bourke Cochran of the west. There were many people of all nationalities, the Irish and Scandinavians noticeably predominating, the large attendance of the fair-haired northerners doubtless being due to the fact that the Irish and the Norwegians are of one race. This statement Ignatius Donnelly made, and he ought to know. Mr. Finerty did not speak on his favorite topic, the tariff, on which he is a cyclone, but on St. Patrick's Day and Irish Nationality. The address, an historical lecture, covering the time from the invasion of the Danes to the present. He gave Ireland's enemies some hard hits, though given in a good natured way. The speech was entertaining and instructive besides being forcible enough to give the enthusiastic Irishman an occasional chance to howl.

[*Superior Citizen, March 20.*]

Hon. John F. Finerty, the Irish politician and publisher of Chicago, addressed one of the largest and most cultured audiences that ever assembled at the head of the lakes at Maryland Hall last Sunday night. He spoke under the auspices of the local division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and his subject was "Irish Nationality and St. Patrick." Mr. Finerty is a fine specimen of physical power with the Celtic head and fiery eloquence. He held his hearers with him throughout his long discourse, which was a highly eulogistic portraiture of the Irish nature and character. And the facility with which he touched the subject showed a remarkable familiarity not alone with the history of the Irish, but that of England, Scotland and France. He told at great length the love of the Irish for their native land, of their numerous but unsuccessful struggles for its freedom, of the early learnings of the inhabitants of Erin, of its convents and colleges, of its warriors and orators, and of the fidelity of the Irish people to the faith of St. Patrick. He said that Ireland's patriots had so far failed and that the struggle still continued, and that he believed that Ireland would one day have its own government and be free from the interference of England that had for centuries prosecuted the Irish race by laws that only the most perverted genius could invent.

He made a fierce attack upon England and her allies the Orangemen, the latter he said being the authors and originators of the A. P. A., an organization which the speaker described to be un-American at bottom. The audience was largely in sympathy with the speaker, which was manifested by the applause which greeted him when he scored a point against the English or in praise of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. Prof. Muhlbaur's orchestra rendered a programme of appropriate music during the evening in its usual excellent style, and Col. George Winsor did himself and the cause proud by singing "The Wearing of the Green," which was encored to the echo. Mr. Finerty made us feel good, in fact, we now fully agree with him that there are no people in the world equal to the Irish.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The annual election of officers will be held next Sunday, April 8. All persons who have at any time attended the meetings of the class since its formation are hereby invited, and can vote. There should be at least one hundred persons present, and every gentleman should be accompanied by a lady.

We are about to give another Irish Musical Festival, and are desirous of showing the people of Chicago that we have in this city as talented singers—both ladies and gentlemen—as can be found elsewhere; and that the Irish language is the expression of the soul of melody. We therefore expect at least one hundred ladies next Sunday.

Father Ryan, of Providence, R.I., recently formed a class of two hundred in that place, and we surely have as patriotic ladies and gentlemen here as in any Eastern city. Should this invitation meet with a generous response, we will have the presence and blessing of a priest at our school, who will be delegated to teach a class himself.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec.

TUESDAY'S ELECTION.

Following are the results of the city and town elections, compiled from the police returns:

Wards.	Plurality.
1. John J. Coughlin, D.	1,410
2. Addison Ballard, petition, R.	40
3. Edward Marrenner, R.	975
4. John W. Hepburn, R.	1,616
5. David Deist, D.	1,055
6. Charles Martin, D.	723
7. John A. Cooke, R.	1,018
8. Frank Slepicka, D.	484
9. Fred Rhode, D.	724
10. Fred Engel, R.	535
11. A. H. Watson, R.	3,168
12. Conrad Kahler, R.	3,759
13. Edward W. Stanwood, R.	627
14. James Keals, R.	692
15. Joseph Lammers, R.	1,553
16. John Senermann, R.	1,045
17. M. M. O'Connor, D.	91
18. W. F. Mahoney, D.	2,570
19. John Powers, D.	2,414
20. C. E. Ehlert, R.	243
21. G. A. J. Brachtendorf, D.	481
22. Henry Schendorf, R.	56
23. John Larson, R.	497
24. T. H. Currier, R.	1,506
25. W. P. Chapman, R.	90
26. William E. Schlake, D.	242
27. Hubert Butler, R.	263
28. John Biggane, D.	3,531
29. Robert Mulcahey, D.	1,389
30. Walter Merchant, R.	762
31. Edwin J. Noble, R.	4,090
32. J. R. Mann, R.	990
33. C. H. Howell, R.	2,222
34. O. L. Chadwick, R.	

TOWN OFFICERS.

South Town—	Pluralities.
Assessor, Henry Best, R.	253
Collector, M. Hoban, D.	350
Supervisor, E. J. Leiendecker, D.	217
Clerk, A. Jacobs, D	433
North Town—	
Assessor, W. T. Ball, R.	6,103
Collector, Paul Redieske, R.	3,351
Supervisor, W. S. Elsfeldt, Jr., R.	1,704
Clerk, B. F. Clettenburg, R.	1,976
West Town—	
Assessor, M. J. Scanlan, D.	6,106
Collector, A. M. Hofmann, D.	3,482
Supervisor, F. J. Kilcrane, D.	3,003
Clerk, John Binlak, D.	642
Hyde Park—	
Assessor, T. B. Skeeles, R.	6,350
Collector, J. J. Hamburg, R.	6,385
Supervisor, G. Otto, R.	6,181
Clerk, G. H. Waite, R.	5,829
Town of Lake—	
Assessor, Chris Leyhe, D.	616
Collector, P. J. O Connell, D.	788
Supervisor, C. E. Rolfe, D.	700
Clerk, M. J. McCarthy, R.	1,065

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF MRS. M'CARTHY.

On Wednesday morning of last week funeral services for Mrs. Mary M'Carthy, wife of John McCarthy, were held at St. Agatha's church. Father Bonfield celebrated requiem mass. A special choir composed of friends of the family furnished the music. A delegation from the Married Woman's Sodality of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, of which Mrs. McCarthy had been a member, was present. The pallbearers were F. Collins, R. F. Conway, John Noonan, Robert Tobin, D. K. Enright, E. E. Healy, V. Kopf and John Kelly.

EDWARD F. BOLAND.

DE KALB, Ill., March 25.—De Kalb county's only centenarian passed away last night in the person of Edward F. Boland, whose age, according to the record recently secured by his family from his birthplace in the county Mayo, Ireland, was 107 years. He enjoyed fairly good health up to within a short time before he died, and was in possession of all his faculties. He had been a resident of America nearly fifty years and of this county about forty years.

Prevention is better than cure, and you may prevent that tired feeling by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will keep your blood pure and free from acid taint and germs of disease.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

The C. T. A. U. Convention.

The annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois will be held in Peoria on Sunday, May 27. Arrangements have been made with the Santa Fe Railroad for a round trip fare from Chicago to Peoria and return of $4.25. All Catholic organizations of Temperance and Total Abstinence and others sympathizing therewith are cordially invited. Further particulars can be had on application to Mr. William Quinlan, No. 73 Miller street, or to Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor of St. Malachy's church, Walnut street and Western avenue.

Lucania's Fast Trip.

Joy was unconfined in the Chicago office of the Cunard Steamship Company today, for Mr. F. G. Whiting, the Western manager, had received a telegram from the company's office in Liverpool, announcing that the Lucania had just broken all records on her eastern trip. The steamer had cleared the distance between New York and Liverpool in 5 days, 9 hours and 24 minutes, or 2 hours and 43 minutes better than the record. This is all the more remarkable, for the Lucania had to traverse eighty miles of ocean more than other boats during fast time. Her average was 21.73 knots per hour, and her daily runs were 46 knots, 491, 502, 516, 508, 510 and 321. This record was really remarkable considering the time of the year.—*Chicago Evening Post, March 16.*

Something Interetsng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is saving money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 98 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Ernst Haase, deceased. To Ernst Haase, Rosine Helene Haase, Ernestine Auguste Bartel, wife of Ernst Bartel, heirs at law of said deceased.

Take Notice, that on the eighth day of June, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the city of Chicago in said county, his final account as administrator de bonis non of said estate, and ask that the same be approved, that said estate be declared settled, and that the undersigned discharged from his said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present, if you so desire.

Chicago, [illegible] 7th, A. D. 1894.

FRANK T. KINNARE,

Public Administrator within and for Cook County, Illinois, administrator of the estate of Ernst Haase, deceased.

Francis T. Colby, attorney; for administrator de bonis non.

SONGS UNSUNG.

Let no [illegible] small,
Say [illegible] a song
For [illegible]
No [illegible] long,
[illegible] will,
[illegible] still.

Every [illegible] sung
Was [illegible] voice,
Waiting [illegible] was young
For [illegible] choice.
[illegible]
May [illegible] to me!

I am really [illegible]
While [illegible] art;
Songs [illegible] are sweet—
The [illegible] the heart;
Aye, and in the highest strain
Something [illegible] remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still those old youth—
Try me, heavy Muses, now;
I can still with nimble fingers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young;
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
Oh, my son that is to be,
Sing my songs and think of me!
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

FRED'S AUNT.

Frederick Flushington belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfulest man in the whole university. But his college did not treat him with any excess of adulation on that account, probably from a prudent fear of rubbing the bloom off his modesty. They allowed him to blush unseen, which was the condition in which he preferred to blush.

He felt himself oppressed by a paucity of ideas and a difficulty in knowing which way to look in the presence of his fellow men, which made him never so happy as when he had fastened his outer door and secured himself from all possibility of intrusion, though it was almost an unnecessary precaution, for nobody ever thought of coming to see Flushington.

In appearance he was a man of middle height, with a long scraggy neck and a large head, which gave him the air of being much shorter than he really was. He had little weak eyes, a nose and mouth of no particular shape and very smooth hair of no definite color. He had a timid, deprecating air, which seemed due to the consciousness that he was an uninteresting anomaly, and he certainly was as impervious to the ordinary influence of his surroundings as any undergraduate well could be. He lived a colorless, aimless life in his little rooms under the roof, reading every morning from 9 till 2 with a superstitiously mechanical regularity, though very often his books completely failed to convey any ideas whatever to his brain, which was not a particularly powerful organ.

If the afternoon was fine, he generally sought out his one friend, who was a few degrees less shy than himself, and they took a monosyllabic walk together, or if it was wet he read the papers at the Union, and in the evenings after hall he studied "general literature"—a graceful term for novels—or laboriously spelled out a sonata upon his piano, a habit which did not increase his popularity.

Fortunately for Flushington, he had no gyp, or his life might have been made a positive burden to him, and with his bedmaker he was rather a favorite as "a gentleman what gave no trouble," meaning that when he observed his sherry unaccountably sinking, like the water in a lock when the sluices are up, Flushington was too delicate to refer to the phenomenon.

He was sitting one afternoon over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard a sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone staircase outside and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late; the dresses were rustling now in his very passage, there was a pause, a few faint smothered laughs and little feminine coughs, then two raps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington faintly. He wished he had been reading anything but the work by M. Zola, which was propped up in front of him. It is your mild man who frequently has a taste for seeing the less reputable side of life in this secondhand way, and Flushington would toil manfully through the voluminous pages, hunting up every third word in the dictionary, with a sense of injury when, as was often the case, it was not to be found. Still there was a sort of intellectual orgie about it which had strong fascinations for him, while he knew enough of the language to be aware when the incidents approached the improper, though he was not always able to see quite clearly in what this impropriety consisted.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop, and all the blood rushed violently to his head as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

She horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that. He drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said easily. "Of course not—how should you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your Aunt Amelia, come over from Australia!"

The shock was a severe one to Flushington, who had not even known he possessed such a relative. He could only say, "Oh," which he felt even then was scarcely a warm greeting to give an aunt from the antipodes.

"Oh, but," she added cheerily, "that's not all. I've another surprise for you. The dear girls would insist on coming up, too, to see their grand college cousin. They're just outside. I'll call them in; shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

They were pretty girls, too, many of them, but that was all the more dreadful to him. He did not mind the plainer ones half so much. A combination of beauty and intellect reduced him to a condition of absolute imbecility.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newnham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "Thank you" repeatedly.

He was very little better than that then as his aunt singled out one girl after another. "We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said. "You know them all by name already, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora and Kitty and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the bookcase."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each and then to them all collectively. He had not presence of mind to offer them chairs or cake or anything, and besides there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his armchair and was untying her bonnet strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this you might spare her just one kiss!"

Flushington dared not refuse. He tottered up and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid that he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could not have survived.

Happily for him, they did not appear to expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs, and resting one knee upon it waited patiently for them to begin a conversation. He could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to his rescue. "You don't ask after your Uncle Samuel, who used to send you the beetles?" she said reprovingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten Uncle Samuel and his beetles too. "No, how is Uncle Samuel? Quite well, I hope."

"Only tolerably so, thank you, Fred. You see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington desperately, "of course not. It was a—a large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner. "I was alluding to the death of your Cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well just before that, but this awkward mistake—for he could not recollect having heard of Cousin John before—threw him off his balance again. He collapsed into silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiments in his aunt. "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "they'd soon forget us in the old country. Here's my own sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, now we're here we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere and show us everything, like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful possibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

"Only a week or so. We're at the Bull—very near you, you see, and I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred, but we're going to ask you to give us something to eat. I've set my heart, so have the girls—haven't you, dears?—on lunching once with a college student in his own room."

"There's nothing so extraordinary in it, I assure you," protested Flushington, "and—and I'm afraid there's very little for you to eat. The kitchen and buttery are closed"—he said this at a venture, as he felt absolutely unequal to facing the college cook and ordering lunch from that tremendous personage—he would rather order it from his tutor even—"but if you don't mind potted ham there's a little at the bottom of this tin, and there's some bread and an inch of butter and marmalade and a few biscuits. And there was some sherry this morning."

The girls all professed themselves very hungry and contented with anything, so they sat round the table, and poor Flushington served out meager rations of all the provisions he could find, even to his figs and French plums, but there was not nearly enough to go round, and they lunched with evident disillusionment, thinking that the college luxury of which they had heard so much had been greatly exaggerated.

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively. "There's a strong look of poor dear Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold double glasses. "There! Did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile—turn your face a leetle more toward the window, so as to get the light on your nose. Don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still with all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance. He longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on triumphantly, and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least to offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered to her mother, who laughed indulgently. "What do you think this silly child wants me to ask you now, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on, just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plainly disappointed and remarked that somehow they had thought the academical costume more becoming.

Then began a hotly maintained catechism upon his studies, his amusements, his friends and his mode of life generally, which he met with uneasy shiftings and short timid answers that they did not appear to think altogether satisfactory.

Indeed the aunt, who by this time felt the potted ham beginning to disagree with her, asked him, with something of severity in her tone, whether he went to church regularly, and he said that he didn't go to church, but was always regular at chapel.

On this she observed coldly that she was sorry to hear her nephew was a dissenter, and Flushington was much too shy to attempt to explain the misunderstanding. He sat quiet and felt miserable, while there was another uncomfortable pause.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he, after the manner of sensitive men, of course imagined they were laughing at him—and perhaps he was not very far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race and wishing that his father had been a foundling when there came another tap at the door.

"Why, that must be poor old Sophy!" said his aunt. "Fred, you remember old Sophy—no, you can't, you were only a baby when she came to live with us—but she'll remember you. She begged so hard to be taken, and so we told her she might come on here slowly after us."

And then an old person in a black bonnet came feebly in and was considerably affected when she saw Flushington. "To think," she quavered, "to think as my dim old eyes should see the child I've nursed on my lap growed out into a college gentleman!" And she hugged Flushington and wept on his shoulder till he was almost cataleptic with confusion.

But as she grew calmer she became more critical. She confessed to a certain feeling of disappointment with Flushington. He had not filled out, she said, "so fine as he'd promised to fill out." And when she asked if he recollected how he wouldn't be washed unless they put his little wooden horse on the washstand, and what a business it was to make him swallow his castor oil it made Flushington feel like a fool.

This was quite bad enough, but at last the girls began to go round his rooms, exclaiming at everything, admiring his pipe and umbrella racks, his buffalo horns and his quaint wooden kettle holder until they happened to come upon his French novel, and being unsophisticated colonial girls with a healthy ignorance of such literature they wanted Flushington to tell them what it was all about.

His presence of mind had gone long before, and this demand threw him into a violent perspiration. He could not invent, and he was plainly racking his brains to find some portion of the tale which would bear repetition when there was another knock at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror. He prepared himself blankly for another aunt with a fresh relay of female cousins or more old family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But when the door opened a tall, fair haired, good looking young fellow, who from his costume had evidently just come up from the tennis court, came bursting in impulsively.

"Oh, I say," he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added as he noticed the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you," said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs.—no, I don't know her name—my aunt—my cousins."

The young man, who had just been about to retire, bowed and stared with a sudden surprise. "Do you know," he said slowly to the other, "I rather think that's my aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington. "She seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, I've got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up today," said the newcomer, "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington feebly. "I don't think I can keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt. "Is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," explained Flushington.

"Oh, does he?" she said, drawing herself up indignantly. "And what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name—who is he?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And who are you if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered. "I'm sorry, but I can't help it!"

"Then you're not my nephew at all, sir!" cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light on the staircase, and you must have thought his name over the door was 'F. Lushington,' so in you went, you know! The porter told me you'd been asking for me, so I looked in here to see whether anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't he tell me?" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find that she had been pouring out her pent up affection over a perfect stranger, and she even had a dim idea that she had put herself in a rather ridiculous position, which of course made her feel very angry with Flushington. "Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was I to know?" pleaded Flushington. "I dare say I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one of them. I thought very likely you knew best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel!" she said accusingly. "You must have had some object—I cannot say what—in encouraging my mistake. Oh, I'm sure of it!"

"You told me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington. "I thought it was all right. What else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington, and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange and declared that she felt sure from the first that her master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as him, meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington hastily, "quite a mistake on both sides. Quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds if I had known!" he protested very sincerely.

"Well," she said a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr.—Mr. Flushington"—the unlucky man said something about not minding it now—"and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms?"

"Come along then!" said he. "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch"—they did not explain that they had lunched already. "You come too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's pool."

"Yes, do come, Mr. Flushington," the ladies said kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it. To begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbor sufficiently well, as they had only had a nodding acquaintance before, and besides he had had enough of female society for one day.

Indeed long after that he would be careful in fastening his door about luncheon time, and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relation he would flee down a back street.
—F. Anstey in Belgravia.

Duck Night at Ewell's.

Duck night at Ewell's store down on the Virginia coast near the North Carolina line is locally famous in the ducking season as the special night in the week when the storekeeper is at home to the duck hunters of the region. Ewell buys ducks of the hunters, paying for the game in goods from his store and shipping his purchases to an up coast life saving station, whence they find their way to the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

As Ewell waits behind his counter with a lantern the duckers, rude looking fellows of the beach comber type, drop in one by one and sit round in the room. Ewell hangs the game in a cold room at the rear of the store and credits each ducker with the agreed value of his ducks. As each transaction is made the ducker recalls something that he needs from the merchant's stock, and when he has received the article the price is debited against his credit. The ducker then relapses to the nearest barrel or box and waits until some other needed article shall occur to his mind. He then makes the new demand upon the merchant, has a new debt placed against his credit and again slinks back into the gloom.

After fully two hours of this sort of thing those who wish the balance of their credit paid in cash receive their dues, and everybody cautiously repairs to a hollow tree hard by, where moonshiners from over the North Carolina line are waiting with a fiery article of untaxed liquor, and the heart of the ducker is made glad.—Philadelphia Press.

Spencer Howe, the United States Express company's transfer agent at Rochester, N. Y., was murdered in a row with Italian laborers. Nicola DeMard, his slayer, escaped to the woods.

Frank Huff, son of a Carthage, Ills., farmer, is in jail at Chillicothe, Mo., charged with burning two large barns belonging to H. C. Ireland of Chillicothe.

The dead body of Mrs. Sawyer was found on the prairie near Chamberlain, S. D. It is supposed she became lost in the recent storm and died of exhaustion.

Miss Emma Adams, of Jeffersonville, Ind., fell on a stove during a fit and was fatally burned.

John Torsand and Henry Roberts quarreled at a negro festival in South Point, Mo., and the latter was killed. Roberts, who leaves a widow and babe was the aggressor.

55 Photographic Views of the World's Fair.

Copies of $25.00 Worth of Superb Photographs.

The achievements in Mechanics, in Architecture, in Art and in Science of that great event, with all its marvelous Exhibits, Scenes and Surroundings, which produced the sublime spectacle, has passed away, but thanks to photography, it yet lives for the entertainment and edification of the multitudes and for posterity in a realistic and

Magnificent Panorama of the World's Fair,

Showing pictures of the grand Exhibition Buildings, of beautiful Foreign, State and Territorial Buildings with their glittering domes and towers, of massive Arches, of noble Statuary, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over the winding Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and

The Famous Midway Plaisance, the Bazaar of Nations, or the Side-shows of the World's Fair.

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE.

On the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning event in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea, poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvelous display of ancient and modern times. All that the brain of man and woman had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. Among these was the largest building in the world, largest engine in the world, most powerful electrical machinery in the world, fastest train in the world, greatest cannon in the world, strongest search-light in the world, highest wheel in the world, most extensive collection of paintings in the world, and a thousand and one other greatest things were there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there to exemplify the imperial glories of our nation. Only the spirit and the pictures remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON THE FIFTH PAGE.

THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.

HE STOOD IT LIKE A MAN.

He went down to the dentist's to have a tooth
pulled out,
And he stood it like a man.
The dentist went to punching,
To gouging and to bunching,
While the forceps kept a-crunching,
And he stood it like a man.

He had a spell of sickness that kept him in the
house,
And he stood it like a man.
He felt all sorts of turnings
Of his insides, likewise burnings
Of his brain and painful churnings,
And he stood it like a man.

He got up in the middle of the midnight with
his twins,
And he stood it like a man.
There was absence of caloric,
And his words weren't metaphoric
As he gave them paregoric,
And he stood it like a man.

He went to do some shopping with his wife one
busy day,
And he stood it like a man.
He went to forty places,
Sampled silks and furs and laces,
Till he laid down in the traces,
And he stood it like a man.
—Detroit Free Press.

They Remembered Him.

A circumstance happened in connection with the failure in business of a well known inhabitant of Yorkshire which caused much amusement. The bankrupt was asked the momentous question, "What are you prepared to offer?" and in reply stated that he had no assets whatever.

"What is there now, Joe?" asked a jolly looking creditor.

"Nothing," replied the bankrupt.

"Well, you can sing. Come, ping us a song."

Joe fumbled with his hat and said he hardly liked to sing.

"Come, strike up," exclaimed the creditor; "let's have something for our brass." Thus urged, Joe cleared his throat and began the ballad "And You'll Remember Me." As the plaintive melody fell on the ears of the creditors some of them began to feel indignant, but the humor of the situation at length burst upon them, and the final line was greeted with roars of laughter. —London Judy.

A Fish With a Rubber Corset.

Forest and Stream speaks of a curious find in the Cape Ann fish market at Gloucester, Mass. It was nothing less than a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on the fish when quite small and staid there in spite of the rapid growth of the wearer. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full grown body of about 8 inches in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin in no way unlike that on the fest of the body. The fish measured in length 14 inches, diameter of body each side of the depression, 7¾ inches; diameter of depression, 5 inches. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition, and the band was sound and could be stretched like any other band.

Standing by the Women.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch writes to the Illinois Suffragist:

The Illinois supreme court is still standing by women's right to vote at school elections, as is evidenced by their recent decision of Ackerman versus Haenck et al. "It is claimed that 600 women were allowed to vote. Under the law as declared by this court in Plummer versus Yost, 144 Illinois, 68, the women who voted for members of the board of education and president of the board were qualified voters." My congratulations to the 600 women suffragists in Spring Valley, where this contest arose.

Earthquakes.

There has been much dispute as to the causes of earthquakes. They are often associated with volcanic phenomena. When the lava of a volcano contains much water, the latter is converted into steam and produces explosions which jar the ground for miles. The explosion of the great mine at Hell Gate, in New York, occasioned tremblings of the earth which were observed 175 miles away. —Washington Star.

Used Up the Alphabet.

A Toronto man has gone through the alphabet naming his nine children, beginning with Alice Beatrice Caroline and ending with Xerxes Yorick Zenith. All nine are living, and the oldest is only 14 years old, but there is one pair of twins in the list, which used up six letters of the alphabet. The children are easily nicknamed by calling their initials for short.—Toronto Empire.

Two Quotations.

This quotation appears on the bedroom door in a south Lancaster (England) hotel, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety." Below which the proprietor has penned, "Owing to the frequency of hotel robberies, you are requested to bolt your door."—London Globe.

M. Dufosse, a French savant, declares that fishes can talk. They can, he declares, produce certain sounds at will by the vibration of certain specially designed muscles. These vibrations are caused by a little air bladder, which is alternately distended and exhausted.

Quito, in Ecuador, though on the line of the equator, has a mean temperature the year round but little different from that of Boston, owing to its elevation, says a writer in Goldthwaite's Magazine.

The idea of the balloon first occurred to the Montgolfier brothers from seeing a large piece of paper fall over the fire, become inflated with smoke and hot air, rise and sail away.

Every man has within himself the germ of a noble life, if he will but pull up the weeds and let the showers and sunshine have a chance.

Three degrees of mining speculation —positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Some Curious Marriage Customs That Still Exist Among the Peasantry.

Some quaint customs still survive among the peasantry of south Wales—at least in the remote villages. One of the oddest is the "bidding." When a young man and woman are engaged, a circular is printed—known as a "bidding letter"—and distributed at market and outside the chapels on Sunday, so that all may know of the event. The form is always the same and runs as follows:

As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion at the young man's father's house (here follow the address and date of the entertainment), when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion by your obedient servants,

JOHN EVANS.
JANE DAVIS.

All being ready on the day, a party goes to fetch the bride to the bidding. She hides and has to be sought for in all directions, but being at last found is escorted in triumph. Her procession is met by that of the bridegroom, and they all repair to the church, where the wedding ceremony takes place, after which all return to the groom's house to make merry and to count the gifts. These are generally in money and vary from a shilling up to half a sovereign.

Each item is carefully entered in a book by the "bidding clerk," together with the donor's name, so that it may be repaid when he or she marries. As all the money will probably not be called in for many years—some not at all, if the givers remain single—the young couple receive a tolerable start in life. Oddly enough, the bridegroom is expected to provide the kitchen clock and table, the glass cupboard and the kitchen dresser, also the bedstead. Each of the young people is supposed to bring half a dozen chairs, the bride's especial contribution being the bedding, the crockery ware, the parlor table and a chest of drawers. Things are done methodically in that part of the world.—London Tit-Bits.

Curing a Dead Man.

"I was employed to cure a dead man," said Dr. C. R. Gregg of St. Paul. "I was awakened during one night and found a lady awaiting me. She told me that her husband was very ill and for me to bring my medicine cases and some surgical instruments, as I might have to perform an operation to assist him to breathe. It was but two blocks from my office to the house of my patient, and as we entered the room where the man lay no one else was visible. At a glance I saw that he was dead. I told the wife that her husband was beyond the reach of mortal aid. 'He is not dead, and you must cure him,' she said and locked the door. Then going to a dressing case she procured a revolver. I saw that she had become crazed and was at the time a dangerous lunatic.

"Making the best of the situation, I began a surgical operation on the windpipe, the woman watching me closely. I worked with the corpse and prepared medicines for three or four hours, assuring the woman that I would save him if possible. Succeeding in disarming her fears, she began to have entire confidence in me, and when I fixed a potion and gave it to the corpse, seemingly taking a similar one myself, I induced her to take one in order to quiet her nerves, as it might be some time before any change took place in the condition of the patient. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall upon the floor in an insensible condition, and I made my escape from the house, calling sufficient assistance to attend to the wants of the wife and prepare the husband for burial. But I don't want any more calls to resurrect the dead under the superintendance of a dangerous lunatic."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How He Explained It.

The affable young man was doing the polite to the very swagger young woman at a reception, and she was tolerating him because no swagger young man was in sight.

"May I escort you to the dining room?" he asked.

She hesitated and drew back.

"I'm sorry," she began.

"Thanks," he interrupted and disappeared.

That made her think a minute, and later in the evening she cornered him.

"Why did you say 'thanks' to me awhile ago?" she asked, quite reserved, but curious.

"Did I say that?" he said, with a far-away try to call it back again look in his honest eyes.

"Yes, you did."

"I didn't know I said it, really."

"Well, you did," she persisted, "and I want to know why."

"I presume," he responded, "it was a case of unconscious gratefulness." And he got away with some degree of precipitancy.—Detroit Free Press.

Postmasters and Stamps.

The postmaster who finds his office getting short of stamps makes out an order on a printed blank and sends it to the postoffice department at Washington. Here the postmaster's accounts are examined, and if his credit is good the order is approved, charged to his account and forwarded to the government agent at the factory where postage stamps are made. The government agent has the stamps counted, carefully packed and sent by registered mail to the postmaster, who sends a receipt for them to Washington.—Kate Field's Washington.

Couldn't See the Point.

"I can't see no fun in these newspaper jokes about plumbers' bills," said a wealthy plumber to a friend at the club.

"Neither do your customers see any fun in the bills," replied a friend who had recently paid a bill.—Texas Siftings.

EXPERIMENTS BELOW ZERO.

The Varied Effects of Intense Cold on Different Animals.

M. Raoul Pictet has been making some curious experiments on the physiological effects of extreme cold. With the aid of various freezing mixtures he has arranged what he calls "wells of cold," the air in which is cooled to various degrees. So far the temperature in the coldest of these wells is only reduced to 166 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, but much lower temperatures are easily reached by other means. It is calculated by modern physicists that about 460 degrees below zero will be reached what is called the "temperature of death," or "absolute cold," at which all substances are solid and at their extreme limit of contraction. M. Pictet has of course not yet attained this condition, but he has approached near enough to it to give some singular indications of what may be discovered later.

In one of his experiments a dog was introduced into a "well of cold" at a temperature of 130 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. For 10 minutes the animal's vitality struggled successfully against the cold, and even raised to the extent of half a centigrade degree the temperature of the well. At the end of this time the dog's extremities began to freeze, but the heart and vital organs remained warm, and it was not until the end of an hour and a half that the temperature of this part of the animal was found to have been reduced one centigrade degree. After this point was reached, however, the vital powers seemed to give way, the temperature suddenly fell, and nothing could revive the poor beast.

M. Pictet himself had the courage to try how such terrible cold felt. He plunged his bare arm into the well at the same temperature which had proved fatal to the dog and held it there for five or six minutes. At the end of three or four minutes he felt a violent pain, proceeding apparently from the periosteum, or sensitive covering of the bone. After about two minutes of this he withdrew his arm, and a sharp, burning pain came on, caused, as he supposed, by the sudden reaction in the tissues. In experimenting on other animals he found that the lower the organism the better it seemed to resist cold. Fishes could be frozen hard without losing vitality. If the temperature to which they were exposed did not sink below the Fahrenheit zero, and if the experiment did not last too long, they could be thawed out, apparently without injury. Frogs could be kept for a time in a temperature 20 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero without harm, but they succumbed to a temperature of 30 degrees below. Snakes bore about the same degree of cold, and centipeds did not seem to be inconvenienced by a temperature of 60 below. Snails were still more hardy, suffering no loss of vitality in a well at a temperature 184 degrees below zero.

This astonishing fortitude was, however, far surpassed by that of certain microbes, which M. Pictet froze up in a block of solidified atmospheric air at a temperature 350 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. In this block, hard and solid as crystal, he kept them for some time, and then thawed them out gently, upon which they exhibited their usual activity. What can be the nature of a circulation which is indifferent to this awful cold or of an organism in which circulation can be entirely stopped without injury we can only conjecture, but M. Pictet's experiments have certainly added another mystery to that standing enigma of science known as vitality.—Paris Journal.

An Odd Cure For Fainting.

In The Law Times some interesting stories are told of the late Baron Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale. His love of the law is illustrated by the anecdote of his apologizing to a hostess for his late arrival at a party on the ground that he could not tear himself away from "a beautiful demurrer." His passion for fresh air was such that on buying a handsomely furnished house his first order, it is said, was that all the bedposts should be sawed down and the next that all the bed curtains should be burned. At Exeter he insisted on ventilation in a wholesale way which wrought havoc with counsel and juries.

The best story of Baron Parke is perhaps that which tells how once when summoned to advise the lords he was seized with a fainting fit in the middle of his argument. Various remedies were applied without avail. At last a happy thought occurred to one of his brethren, who well knew his peculiar temperament. He rushed into the library, seized a large musty volume of old statutes, rushed back and held it to the nostrils of the patient. The effect was marvelous. He at once opened his eyes, gave them a slight rub and in a few seconds was as well as ever.

Buffon's Laziness.

Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep. It robbed me of a great deal of my time, but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at 6.

"The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force, and I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."—London Judy.

The Trade In Maine Ashes.

"Maine burns more firewood to keep warm winters than any other eastern state," says a Maine man who has been in the business. "The wood is of better quality and makes better ashes than can be collected in Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and there's a large demand for Maine ashes in the middle and southern states for agricultural purposes. Great quantities are used in Massachusetts also. There are a number of dealers in Boston who make a business of collecting ashes through Maine for shipment. Carloads and carloads of them go out of the state by rail yearly, and shiploads are sent to Florida and Georgia, where they want the best hard wood article. They send north phosphate rock, and we send them ashes, and the trade is a benefit to both sections.

"There are some parts of Maine denominated 'prime' by the dealers, because they are in hard wood, maple and birch regions and do not burn much soft wood. In some of these localities there is a sharp competition in the business. Leached ashes from the potash and soap factories used to be shipped mostly, but they've gone out, and dry ashes are wanted. So much is this the case that one potash man I knew, a dishonest fellow, dried his leached ashes and shipped them as unleached. The potashes and local soap factories of Maine are run under by the demand for dry ashes and are going out of business. Probably the day is not far distant when dealers in Portland, Bangor and other Maine towns will look after this trade and do the shipping direct from Maine ports to the southern states. There is a large profit in it, if I am not mistaken."—Lewiston Journal.

In George Washington's Arms.

In Dr. Mines' volume of reminiscences, "A Tour Around New York," the author devotes a paragraph to the attractions of Battery park and adds a pleasing little story of a time before his own:

"I remember a dear old lady who loved to talk about this park and tell of the people she had met here and the scenes she had witnessed, and of these one man and one morning's adventure stood out most prominent.

"A little thing in white, her nurse had brought her to the park to witness a civic ceremony, and the crowd prevented her from obtaining a good view of the pageant.

"As with a child's impatience she tried to press through the throng a tall and handsome elderly gentleman, clad in a suit of black velvet and with a dress sword at his side, stooped down to her, inquired pleasantly about her trouble and then lifted her upon his shoulder and held her there until the procession had passed.

"Delighted with what she saw, the child thought little about the gentleman who had brushed away her trouble, but thanked him when he released her with a kiss and set her down upon the ground. As he moved away the nurse in an awe-struck voice asked the child if she knew whose arms had held her and then told her that it was President Washington. The little eyes watched him out of sight and never forgot his stately appearance.

"I think dear old Mrs. Atterbury was prouder of having been the heroine of this incident than of all the social honors that afterward fell to her lot.—Youth's Companion.

Detained by Public Business.

Mrs. Upjohn—Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?

Mr. Upjohn—Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like snow, doesn't it?

"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't interest you. That coffee smells delicious. Is the steak all right?"

"Yes, the steak is all right. What were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of a tall office building. I got right in the thick of it and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I went down town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is all gone. What"——

"How about these folks next door? Have they decided to rent their upper flat to that family from Kenwood?"

"No. They are going to let it to a newly married couple from the North Side. What was the crowd doing?"

"Why—why—why, it was—it was watching some men raise a safe to a sixth story window. Seems to me you're mighty inquisitive."—Chicago Tribune.

Faults In Conversation.

Dean Swift once said: "There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root and are equally blamable. I mean an impatience to interrupt others and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider cannot possibly run into either of those two errors, because when any man speaketh in company it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake and not his own, so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it, nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How He Felt.

It is told of one of the most austere bishops of the American Episcopal church that once when catechizing a class of boys he called attention to the disobedience of Jonah and the consequent punishment. To enforce the lesson he said in a stern way, "And, now, boys, how did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?" One bright lad answered, "I think he felt down in the mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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Div 35—Patrick Sheridan, Pres, 329 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3736 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 198 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelser, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Ehlbach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kleiner. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

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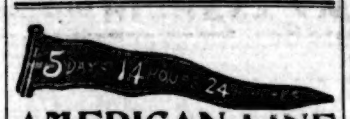

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